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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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American Prose

MR. CHANNING POLLOCK, and the many others who are wringing hands over the present state of literature, should go back to the college magazines of their youth, and sample the compound of preciosity and sentiment which they contain. To say it gracefully was every man's desire and nothing crude was sanctioned; yet the result was certainly no beginning of a literature. There must still be some who remember the uproar over a Yale prize given to a youth who had been so indiscreet in his story as to call a stray cat's kittens illegitimate!

The college magazine of our day is really much healthier. It is often impudent or explosive, and it is frankly journalistic, substituting articles for essays, and interviews for reveries on beauty. Nevertheless, what our generation has to say in its earliest twenties is worth just about what any other generation at the same age contributes. Our boys and girls are not impressed by the immediate past and so speak out what they think from their own minds, whereas we, in our enforced modesty, were content to imitate our betters, but it comes to about the same thing in absolute values. What differs is the style.

The old style that was Literary with a capital seems to be absent from the new college magazines. If you find it at all, it is heavily disguised under a mask of modernistic obscurity, or staccato, roughneck sentences that are nevertheless a pose of plain speaking. In general, however, the college writer today writes a simple, straightforward, journalistic prose, echoing familiar rhythms of speech and ornamented, if at all, by witty or boisterous phrasing. Whether it is Robert Frost, or Russian education, or college politics he is discussing, the writer goes at his subject direct with no Sir Thomas Browneishness or Matthew Arnoldry in his style. This style lacks beauty because he is incapable of raising his straightforward prose into beauty, but it is at least as beautiful, and certainly as excellent, as our imitations of Stevenson, Pater, and Lamb.

His elders in this American generation have likewise failed to raise this direct and colloquial prose into a style. And yet they and he are on the right track. An American prose so expressive in every sense as to deserve the term literary will certainly be made as Addison and Steele made English prose, by trying to write in a natural and yet an excellent manner. Thoreau accomplished (by paragraphs) something of the kind in the '40s, yet it is hard to find what one seeks for after the Civil War. The popular writers are slipshod, like Twain, the literary uplifters are dull, like Howells, or stilted, like Bayard Taylor, or they are Miss Pruish, like Ike Marvell and a thousand magazinists. The best American style then was probably written by the journalists, or such columnists as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

And it seems that the college journalists of today who have got rid of our literary conventions, may be on the way to create the distinctively American and truly literary prose for which we are seeking. Most of them (as writers) will develop all the faults of current journalistic writing—smartness, diffuseness, and the cheap vulgarity which is a response to innate qualities in the millions w[illegible]tten for. But

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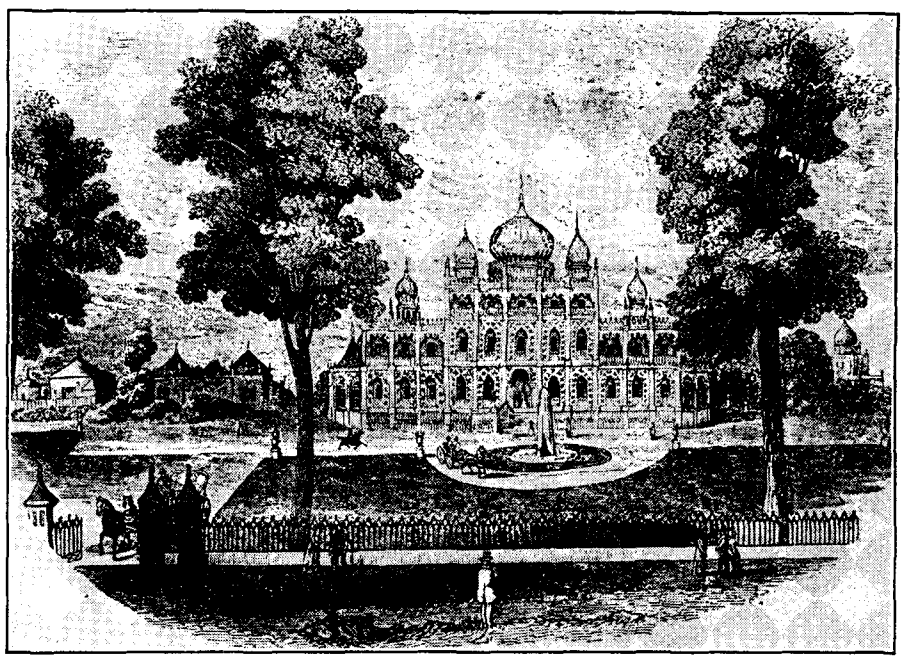

IRANISTAN, THE HOME OF P. T. BARNUM. FROM "THE LADY OF *Godey's*."

Godey's "Lady" Comes Alive

THE LADY OF *GODEY'S*: SARAH JOSEPHA HALE. By RUTH E. FINLEY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

GODEY'S—ten to one the name will conjure in your mind if anything a vision of fashions. Fashions in women's dress, of your grandmother's time, and great-grandmother's—as quaint and absurd as those of today will seem fifty years hence and a lot sooner; yet at the time up to the minute. Nay, two jumps ahead of the minute. For *Godey's* used to get them directly from Paris, and even prophesied the day when they would be transmitted by telegraph! It would be too much to ask that even so live and forward-looking a journal should have foreseen telegraphic transmission of pictures; let alone the inconceivable miracle of television. What *Godey's* did do was to protest against slavish following of Paris, calling upon American women to create fashions of their own, and endeavoring to lead in that direction. You can see the *Godey* fashions now, framed, on lampshades and even on china-ware; such things are of the moment's vogue; that very fact all the more excusing and inciting this particular book. An exceptionally attractive volume, in which many of them are reproduced, some in the original colors.

Grandmother will remember when *Godey's Lady's Book* was around the house, more or less of a survival from her own mother's time when it was a far more potent factor in American domestic life; but even grandmother probably will think of it chiefly in terms of those daintily hand-colored fashion plates. She will recall when the old files of the magazine went to the junkman, along with the *Eclectic*, Macaulay's "History of England," the volumes of old sermons, and the Rollo Books. Neither she nor anybody else now living will be likely to experience any reaction at all to the name of Sarah Josepha Hale, the "Lady Editor" who made *Godey's* what it was—so much so that it only feebly survived her surrender at ninety-one to age and more than fifty years of tireless service to American womanhood. She *was Godey's*.

Oh, yes, there was a Godey; the name was not an invention. He is very important in the picture, that Louis Antoine Godey. A wise fellow, as most publishers are not; knowing that it required better brains and defter hands than his to amplify and carry out his own ideas. Uncommonly canny in his day and generation, when woman was regarded with little audible dissent as "the weaker vessel" (whatever that might mean), he realized that only a woman, and an extraordinary woman at that, could make a magazine for women. And he exemplified that relationship of which all editors dream as

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On Thames Shore

(Lines for the opening of the New Theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.)

By JOHN MASEFIELD

ALL things longed for in youth,
Beautiful things of truth,
Are found before we die,
If we but try.

This building that we see
So fair, once seemed to be
Beyond all hoping for
Here, on Thames shore.

How many millions tried,
How many millions died,
To bring this change of heart
To England's art?

O happy you who are young,
Speaking the English tongue,
Whose art shall light and aid
England remade.

England our holy land
Made beautiful, made grand,
O you young souls, what joy
For girl and boy.

May this new home of yours
Give England what endures,
Beauty, wisdom and truth,
Forever youth.

O strivers here beginning,
What glory for your winning
The England none now knows,
Who wore the rose.

As We Were

ONLY YESTERDAY. By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS

YOU will probably pick up this book protesting that you are not interested in the events of yesterday; and that, anyway, it is impossible to write the history of a decade that has barely been interred. Yet, the very first pages will make you sit up blinking, splashed by the cold facts of America in 1919. Truly an astonishing list of new things has arrived in the post-war decade. You will recall, of course, that skirts were long. But did you realize that women still wore stockings in bathing, that a short-haired woman was necessarily a radical, that no one had even thought of a radio, and that life dragged along without either vitamins, fundamentalists, or tabloids, to say nothing of instalment buying and halitosis?

Mr. Allen begins with the surface pattern and never loses sight of it. Here is perhaps the first reason why he has written such an engaging volume, that pulls you along from page to page, and makes you afraid to skip. Nothing seems to have escaped his alert and roving eye. The eclipse of 1924 is in its place, and so are Mah Jong, the pedals of a Model T Ford, Coral Gables, Antioch College, and Jane Gibson. Any good digger could have unearthed a wealth of detail from the newspaper files: it is Mr. Allen's talent to choose almost unfailingly the significant, the piquant item that sets a scene aglow. Into a particularly well-rounded chapter on "Religion, Science and Dayton" there enters a disconcerted Modernist clergyman from New England saying that when he thinks of God he thinks of "a sort of oblong blur." When the question of business sentimentality, in another delightful section called "The Gospel according to Barton," is discussed, Mr. Allen cites as the last word of satire on the item the cartoon in the *New Yorker* representing an executive as saying to his heavy-jowled colleagues at a directors' meeting: "We have ideas. Possibly we tilt at windmills—just seven Don Juans tilting at windmills."

I do not recall that anyone has used

This Week

"CAN EUROPE KEEP THE PEACE?"
Reviewed by EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

"MAID IN WAITING."
Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

"HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE APES."
Reviewed by FRANK SULLIVAN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.
By the EDITORS.

VACHEL LINDSAY.
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.
By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

"WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS."
Reviewed by HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

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Mr. Allen's precise technique, of synchronizing year by year, almost episode by episode, popular songs, dress, manners, politics, sports, books, ideas. But for Mark Sullivan's admirable volumes, Mr. Allen would probably not have set to work, as he handsomely concedes in his preface. What he has invented or added is a more closely woven texture that somehow presents an actual scene, moving and living before one's eyes.

This surface of provocative detail would justify the book in itself, both as a source for future writers and as entertainment. There is a parlor game in its forgotten yet once familiar names and phrases, then on every tongue, now hauntingly vague in the mind. As the cover queries,—who was Floyd Collins, who the "Wheaton ice-man," and who testified about "six or eight cows?"

But Mr. Allen has gone much farther and, in my judgment, with miraculous success. He has so organized his material as to give the whole period a structure and a form—which is to say that he has written not simply annals, but a history. The analysis, the interpretation, is no afterthought. The method is wholly dramatic. Seldom does the writer pull up at the roadside for a disquisition. The pace is much too fast for discussion or reflection. Rather by choice of material, by arrangement, by stress and by omission, Mr. Allen convinces you that for all its appalling confusion, there was a flood and a subsidence, a real unity to the decade. It seems incredible that Mr. Allen should have succeeded in giving line to such a chaos, yet he unmistakably has.

Nor has he done it by distortion. Objectivity is an outstanding trait of the volume. It is possible to guess at Mr. Allen's prejudices—he could not be free from them and write so pungently. His judgments are amazingly careful and balanced. The material is sometimes cruel. Alas, to think that John J. Raskob wrote in 1929 for the *Ladies' Home Journal* an article alluringly entitled "Everybody Ought to be Rich," wherein he said that "the way to wealth is to get into the profit end of wealth production in this country," to wit, good common stocks! Alas, too, that the all-wise Irving Fisher saw fit to say on October 17, 1929, that stock prices had reached "what looks like a permanently high plateau," and he expected to see the stock market within a few months "a good deal higher than it is today." From May, 1930, Mr. Allen takes Mr. Hoover's prediction that "we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." But someone has to suffer if a true picture is to be painted, and the choice is certainly impartial.

The sensation that the book yields is a little like that felt in a particularly vicious roller-coaster. Perhaps it errs a little in stressing the soaring and swooping of the period. Here doubtless lies the danger of attempting history so close at hand. Yet aside from the confusion, the muddle, of the decade—which gave the participant the continual feeling of knowing only a few odd, unrelated parts of what was really going on—what other feature was so conspicuous? Skirts travelled all the way up to the knee and down to the ground again. U. S. Steel hit 261¾ and also 51. The art of ballyhoo began almost as a religious rite and ended as the title of a jeering magazine. The great revolt of the highbrows, led by Colonel Mencken, subsided into unhappiness and doubt, as Mr. Allen acutely notes. Even sex isn't what it used to be and manners are returning along with tail coats and long hair.

If a large part of the decade went up like a rocket and came down like a stick, there were durable changes, as Mr. Allen makes plain. Typical of the fashion in which a whole group of keenly observed facts is pulled together, is this passage:

> At home, one of the most conspicuous results of prosperity was the conquest of the whole country by urban tastes and urban dress and the urban way of living. The rube disappeared. Girls in the villages of New Hampshire and Wyoming wore the same brief skirts and used the same lip-sticks as their sisters in New York. The proletariat—or what the radicals of the Big Red Scare days had called the proletariat—gradually lost its class consciousness; The American Federation of Labor dwindled in membership and influence; the time had come when workingmen owned second-hand Buicks and applauded Jimmy Walker, not objecting in the least, it seemed, to his exquisite clothes, his valet, and his frequent visits to the millionaire-haunted sands of Palm Beach. It was no accident that men like Mellon and Hoover and Morrow found their wealth an asset rather than a liability in public office, or that there was a widespread popular movement to make Henry Ford President in 1924. The possession of millions was a sign of success, and success was worshiped the country over.

But Mr. Allen equally knows when to halt his interpretations. He attempts few moral judgments and as to the relation of the decade to the long past or the near future, maintains a discreet silence. His method is one of intelligent analysis and organization rather than generalization. Just how or why a post-war slump was transformed into a mad joy-ride is properly left to later historians for debate. As a starting point they might begin by noting the many points at which the present analysis agrees with that made by Rudyard Kipling as long ago as 1894, when he wrote his sardonic poem, "An American." Conceivably peoples do not change as rapidly as each generation is disposed to believe. Perhaps Mr. Allen will try the task himself when the present sobering-up of the nation has proceeded farther. In the meantime he has done enough in writing one first-rate book and performing one first-rate miracle.

Geoffrey Parsons is Chief Editorial writer of the New York Herald Tribune. *He is the author of "The Stream of History," a volume highly praised by critics on its appearance two years ago.*

The Lady of Godey's

(*Continued from page* 363)

a thing of the Far Hereafter, wherein the editor shall edit and the publisher shall—mind his own business. Godey was *par excellence* a salesman, a showman of the ilk of P. T. Barnum; but ballyhoo expert and go-getter though he was, he nevertheless knew, as all real salesmen know, that in the long run the goods must fit a need; that permanently satisfied customers are the only guarantee of that ineffable indispensable of business—Good Will. For six years (1830-1836) he had been publishing *Godey's,* and poor truck it was, made up almost entirely, as was the general custom, of lifting from other publications, more particularly British. He knew it was poor truck, and all the time, from his place in Philadelphia, he was enviously watching the *Lady's Magazine,* first of America's "female periodicals," which Sarah Josepha Hale had been editing since 1828 in Boston. He had sense enough to recognize that she was doing the thing that he didn't know how to do, and to covet it, and her. He got both in 1837, and the combination of his initiative, enterprise, and business genius and her brains, restraining taste, and sure editorial instinct did the trick. Thereafter *Godey's* had neither peer nor substantial rival. Others followed and frantically imitated and stole—ludicrously indignant when Godey protected his contents by copyright—but none ever caught up. Together Godey and Mrs. Hale carried on their incomparable magazine for forty years; but the product in that aspect upon which its success depended, to which her public responded, was hers exclusively. So much so that not only did the magazine in its peculiar potency virtually die with her, but no woman's magazine ever has succeeded, or, I think, ever can succeed, departing essentially from the model she created. There is no important feature or activity contributing to the success of any woman's periodical of today which Mrs. Hale did not anticipate—nearly a century ago.

If Mrs. Finley imagined that she was painting an intimate portrait of the woman Sarah Hale, she did not succeed. As a character study in any analytical sense, this volume leaves much to be desired. One closes it knowing this individual in her proper person, either the child that she was or the woman that she became, not much better than before. Only by inference and imagination may one discern the deeper self. It may well be that there is not available material for such a study. If Sarah Hale was given to introspection this book does not discover it; nor does it supply the lack. Those were days of "womanly reticence," when real self-disclosure, in letters, speech, and deportment, partook of indecency. It simply "wasn't done" in respectable circles. It is hard to realize now the extent to which women were repressed, and repressed themselves, in respect of all manner of emotional expression. Besides, this woman was too busy doing things to allow time or energy for looking at her inner self, to say nothing of talking about it. She was more interested in other women, whose life problems she understood by reason of her own arduous experience of thwarted aspiration, dire poverty, selfless devotion as daughter, wife, mother, and participant in social and civic life in the early days of this republic. She was born in 1788, the year when Washington became first President of the United States. Of our formative period—"all of which she saw, and a great part of which she was."

By inference. . . . What is depicted, with brilliant vividness and sure touch, is a great editor, great chiefly because actuated in her function as such by the woman within whom you do not see, but nevertheless must and can infer from what she does, in the field of her own experience as a woman. Behavior tells its own story; a stream rises no higher than its source. This is art, naïve and inadvertent—letting the character display itself, without preachment—causes, reasons, morals implicit, taking care of themselves. So perhaps we have, after all, as much of a portrait as we need.

Ruth Finley knows an editor when she sees one. Why shouldn't she? She is first of all a reporter, of the common or garden variety, as the saying goes; one of the best of the breed. She sees what she looks at, a very rare capacity, at once the test, method, and achievement of education. She was a first-class reporter, and married her city editor. Both of her books are dedicated to him—"to Emmet Finley"—who is now secretary of the American Press Association. The story of their romance is one of the most enthralling that I know. I know it in confidence, and this isn't the place for it; but it would be germane, because aside from being a first-class reporter Ruth Finley is a homemaker, and it was primarily to homemakers that Sarah Hale appealed. She knew them inside and out, in every mood and tense. And all through this book you can see these two women, two homemakers who are also editors, mutually congenial, thoroughly understanding each other.

Wondering what there might be in *Godey's Lady's Book* beside these fashion plates coming lately into new vogue, to account for its long existence, Mrs. Finley studied it with keen appraising professional eye, and found not only ample answer but unique historical and sociological material, lighting up obscure things and forces operating throughout the better part of a century of our history. For here is a remarkable piece of really scholarly research, far better than most of the stuff for which people receive their Ph.D's. I commend this insinuation quite hopelessly to the University of Akron, and to Oberlin College, in both of which Mrs. Finley was once a student. There are even here and there footnotes, without which no Ph.D. thesis stands a Chinaman's chance!

"Only those are dead who are forgotten." Sarah Josepha Hale was forgotten—or at most a dusty museum piece. Now she is alive again. For from her study of *Godey's* Ruth Finley has resurrected a really tremendous personality, who during two generations influenced, instructed, inspired the women of America, *in their homes.* She understood the social importance of their service as custodians of the future. Her writings embodied what her contemporary William Ross Wallace put in verse:

> They say that man is mighty,
> He governs land and sea;
> He wields a mighty scepter
> O'er lesser powers that be;
> But a mightier power and stronger
> Man from his throne has hurled,
> And the hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rules the world.

Like other editors, great and small, Sarah Hale studied her public and realized her limitations; sensing pragmatically when to lead and when to follow, when to push and when to pussyfoot or keep silence altogether. You could fine-comb *Godey's* from 1861 to 1865 without learning that there was any Civil War! Mrs. Finley makes no bones of her dismay upon finding *that* hiatus in the long record of candor and courage. But then, Sarah Hale was no strong-arm Pankhurst. She understood very well the art of camouflage and especially the concoction of that applesauce and taffy with which since Eden the "weaker sex" has beguiled its lords and masters. For one example, see her with tongue in cheek assuring men and husbands that education, far from injuring their wives and daughters, would make them fitter intellectual companions! But she was a fighter, with such strategy, weapons, and restraints as served, the purpose. She infused drab Victorianism with her own fire and vision—so far ahead of her time, and indeed of this time too, that many of her dreams have still to come into actuality. She fought for women's rights—not to vote; she displayed little or no interest in that subject, though she did argue that women ought to serve upon school boards—but to be free in person and property. She founded the first society for increase of women's wages and decency in their working conditions. She was first to emphasize the importance of physical training for women; one of the first assailants of child labor. She was perhaps the earliest public advocate of education for women equal to that of men. She was a confidant of Matthew Vassar in his founding of Vassar College, and made him take the word "Female" out of its title. You can see today the blank space where it used to be on the façade of the main building. She was a warm friend also of Emma Willard, and of Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke College. She originated the expression "Domestic Science," and insisted that home-making must have, did have, the dignity of a profession. She instituted the first day-nursery; she appealed for public playgrounds; she was first to argue for women as teachers in the common schools; because of what she saw happen to the lorn wives and families of sailors she organized and was first president of the Seaman's Aid. She battled for medical training for women, for the sending out of women medical missionaries, and for the reform of prisons.

True to her journalistic instincts, Mrs. Finley emphasizes some of Mrs. Hale's exploits in the nature of "news features." She beat Harriet Beecher Stowe by twenty-five years with a novel involving the slavery question. She shamed the men, whose dismal failure at it had become a proverbial joke, by raising the money to complete the Bunker Hill Monument. She resuscitated and brought to success the movement to preserve George Washington's Mount Vernon as a national memorial. Lincoln's Thanksgiving Proclamation of October 3, 1863, definitely crowned her single-handed campaign of nearly twenty years to have that distinctively American festival made a national occasion. Mrs. Finley devotes an entertaining chapter to proof (I think she does prove beyond a reasonable doubt) that Mrs. Hale and no other was the exclusive author of that immortal ditty, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." But I suspect that there was less joy in her reportorial soul out of rescuing Mrs. Hale's credit for that authorship than out of the challenge to the redoubtable Henry Ford to rescind the apocryphal inscription on the stone before the old Redstone schoolhouse, alleged scene of the Little Lamb's adventure, that Henry bought and moved from Sterling to Sudbury.

Godey's seems to have been the first American publication to exploit and seri-

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*The Status Quo and the Future**

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

FRANK H. SIMONDS is a sophisticated American journalist, who knows his Europe. He has come a considerable distance since the war and now shares his convictions with his fellow Americans, to point out the real Europe since Versailles, and its political ambitions and policies. He dwells upon the Wilsonian misconceptions of Europe as partly responsible for the mistakes of the peace treaties and the economic ruin they have brought to Europe. He undertakes to show that the monarchic Treaty of Vienna of 1815, responding to balance of power concepts, was more efficacious in keeping the peace than the unbridled democratic inspirations of the twentieth century. He challenges the Wilsonian assumption that democracy makes for peace, and claims that democracy has been shown unsafe for the world. The Peace Conference failed to bring peace, he suggests, because it carried the principle of self-determination and the liberation of ethnic groups, to an exaggerated degree, but he admits that the recognition of these claims "in every case involved a reduction in the area and population of the enemy states." When the principle worked in their favor, it was set aside. Europe, and particularly Balkanized central Europe, is politically organized in direct conflict with its own economic interests. Intolerable frontiers were drawn; and the main part of the book is devoted to a succinct analysis of the irredentas thereby created — Germany, with respect to the Polish Corridor, Upper Silesia, and Danzig; Hungary on three of her borders, Bulgaria as to Macedonia, Yugoslavia as to Fiume and Trieste, Italy in the hinterland of the Adriatic, Austria in the Tyrol, etc.

The vital interests of peoples, Mr. Simonds claims, are "in shock" and compromise is inconsistent with national resolution. The author maintains that the territorial issues created by the peace treaties are insoluble in the present spirit of ethnic nationalism, and the answer to the question in the title would seem to be in the negative. The issues "can lead only to war." On the other hand, he thinks Europe can keep the peace, "for the alternative is collective suicide." Mr. Simonds is not always consistent.

The presentation of the territorial and nationalistic issues leads him to review the conflicting national policies of what he calls the Status Quo and the Revision group of countries. In the eyes of the American and English people, who realize the necessity for revision and are sympathetic to German economic recovery, he says, the policy of France and her Allies has brought to Europe an intolerable state of prostration; but England, he maintains, is now incapable of making effective protest—though England prevented the annexation of the Ruhr—and Anglo-American opposition to the French aims has accentuated the French policy of preponderant armaments and alliances. The French policy keeps the defeated peoples disarmed and impoverished solely to obtain a renunciation of the program of territorial revision. Mr. Simonds explains convincingly that the French policy of "security" really means a guaranty of the *status quo* everywhere in Europe, West and East—and probably also in Africa. Thus, we may conclude, having, through American arms, established a political status which is impossible and undesirable of maintenance from any universal point of view—economic, historical, political, or psychological—France has placed the world in bondage to continue this unnatural state of affairs until presumably it falls of its own weight in revolutionary chaos. "Security" will now be better understood.

Germany has not worn her chains comfortably or gracefully, and Mr. Simonds believes that no other nation under the circumstances would have done so. Deceived by the Fourteen Points, by the terms of the armistice, by the treaty, and by the post-war flouting of the disarmament commitments, the German people consider that justice is nearly dead and are in revolt against their prison bars. Yet, while Germany has doubtless never desired to pay reparations, which Mr. Simonds characterizes as "tribute," and while her representatives warned the world that neither the Dawes Plan nor the Young Plan could be carried out without the greatest cooperation from the rest of the world in opening markets to German goods, it is hardly true to say the "Germans had never seriously attempted to pay" or "the Germans were still resolved not to pay." Mr. Simonds overlooks the fact that—in addition to territory—probably three and a half billion dollars of German private property was confiscated by Allied countries, nearly two billions in ships at the 1919 value, one and a half billions paid in kind, and three billions in cash — a total of about ten billions. The statement that Germany in 1931 embarked on an alleged "deliberate undertaking . . . to commit suicide" — in order to defeat German creditors, is a distortion. Nor is it consistent with the view that "French diplomacy had skilfully postponed the relief [of the Hoover Moratorium] while the crash was made unavoidable." The suggestion that the German people on the "edge of bankruptcy" were "triumphant," is extraordinary. Possibly Mr. Simonds was not in Germany in July, 1931, when with banks crashing and a complete stoppage of bank payments the population stood aghast and crushed. The proposed customs union "in form and phrase" was not borrowed from the Zollverein. Mr. Simonds is more successful in outlining the political effects of the customs union proposal, which he persists in calling the *Anschluss*. It was open to adherence by all countries.

Mr. Simonds's understanding of French policy seems better than his understanding of German. Speaking of French policy with respect to the League of Nations, he remarks that "Briand accomplished one great feat, he annexed Geneva to France." "What Briand actually did was to transform the League into what it was always bound in the end to become, the instrument of a *status quo* policy." The author marshals admirably all the incidents of post-war policy between England and France and other countries to demonstrate the fixity of French policy to prevent any change in the *status quo*, regardless of the effect on the rest of Europe and the world at large. French policy, Mr. Simonds suggests, must therefore keep the League weak, for a strong League might undertake treaty revision. Thus France, using the League as an instrument of French policy, has prevented it from acquiring political usefulness in bringing to Europe a saner order or in winning the confidence of peoples.

Poland receives a fair bill of health, though it has been notorious in violating minority and peace treaties, and has thereby given the World Court considerable business. The Polish Corridor is presented as an insoluble problem, for Poland is shown as determined not to surrender. Would not Lithuania be compensation? The Little Entente, a Wilsonian and French creation, is presented as designed to build an impregnable fortress on the other side of Germany, Austria, and Hungary, and with Poland, to take the place of Russia in the French scheme. Czechoslovakia is regarded as a country of minorities and its future not hopeful. The alliance between France and the Little Entente is regarded as "against nature itself," for the Little Entente's economic interests lie in Central Europe. They "exercise absolute power without any present prospect of providing even moderate prosperity."

THE BANKRUPTCY BIRD BRINGS EUROPE THE PALM OF PEACE
FROM *Simplicissimus*, MUNICH

Great Britain, Mr. Simonds maintains, "though victorious in battle, unmistakably lost the war." It has suffered economically from the Treaty of Versailles nearly as much as Germany; and though England has been determined to save Germany from destruction, "British statesmanship had placed all legal weapons in French hands, and in disbanding British armies, had abolished all power to restrain French action." After the "collapse of German finance under French attack," England cracked in 1931, confirming the "deep-seated British conviction that French policy, which is repugnant to England, is also ruinous for Europe." But the propaganda weapon is still available, it once proved irresistible. Fascism in Italy is "a frank gospel of unashamed imperialism." Dissatisfied with the spoils of victory, it has determined to wrest the unpaid balance from France, which primarily stands in its way. Hence the demand, first, for large armaments, then for parity, and now for disarmament. Opportunism is the keynote, and French distrust is not unnatural. Russian policy is briefly reviewed, but the suggestion that Russian revolutionary aggression is only postponed, rests on supposition, not on evidence. If it is true that "the results of the World War seem to have placed Europe face to face with the alternative of subordinating its political rivalries to its economic necessities, or of suffering collective ruin resulting alike from economic prostration and social upheaval," it will not be necessary for Russia to do anything but wait. Europe will fall into the lap of Bolshevism.

Several chapters are devoted to "experiments in peace." The excellent chapter on "Peace by Conference" discloses that conferences called without previous agreement on the essentials of a treaty are usually bound to fail, because of the instructions of the delegates, because of their purpose to "sell" the national view, because of home opinion, because of the appetite for publicity created, and of the unwillingness and inability to accommodate conflicting views. The author thus explains the failure of most of the post-war conferences. Indeed, he calls attention to the harm done by conferences in the "public disclosure of international rivalries." If the United States has not changed its policy as to "consultative pacts"—which should have been described as a demand for alliance and support, rather than consultation — the French will not surrender their policy of "security," with its implications. That the proposed disarmament conference in February runs great risk of inflaming national passions is beyond doubt.

The League is considered a failure. "In post-war Europe, a stupendous pantomime of peace has been acted at Geneva." The author disregards the administrative functions of the League. The League was an American conception, hardly in the European tradition, the author maintains, hence the dominant powers in Europe have bent it to European ways. "The single practical result of American participation in the war was to enable one group of Continental Powers to defeat another and to impose its terms upon the vanquished." The United States and the world itself have paid the price of disregarding the warning of President Adams:

> It is obvious that all the powers of Europe will be continually manœuvering with us to work us into their real or imaginary balance of power . . . but I think it ought to be our rule not to meddle; and that of all the powers of Europe, not to desire us, or perhaps, even to permit us, to interfere, if they can help it.

The Kellogg Pact, Mr. Simonds regards as "pure United States." Not as changed by Briand, with the interpretative reservations of Great Britain and France, which has made it not a treaty for peace, but a source of irritation and futility, except to the extent that it has brought the United States into the League of Nations by the back door and subjected the United States to general recriminations. It is an evidence of the fondness of democratic government for words. Disarmament our author considers an Anglo-American conception, "a curious mixture of hypocrisy and blindness."

The chapter on "Reparations and War Debts" is the least convincing. Mr. Simonds criticizes the Hoover Moratorium; Mr. Hoover did not count upon France ruining it *ex post facto*, in the face of world opinion. In the result it did more harm than good, because it had all the ill effects of injuring German credit, which it was designed to save, and precipitated, through withdrawals consequent on the fortnight's bickering, the German collapse. Mr. Simonds suggests that both reparation and war debts will soon come to an end, whether temporarily resumed or not, because a new oncoming generation in all countries will not permit them to be paid. His only hope of a peaceful future is a new Locarno leading to reconciliation, the chances of which, it may be presumed, he considers slight.

The book is important because it is realistic and essentially objective. The style is concise, crisp, and journalistic, though it would be clearer on many pages if some printer's devil had not apparently spilled a font of commas promiscuously

*CAN EUROPE KEEP THE PEACE? By FRANK H. SIMONDS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $3.

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through the text. Its somewhat tenuous analogies between the political events of the present and past are not always convincing. Its conclusions as to the political impasse in Europe caused by an unfortunate and essentially unworkable peace arrangement, are unescapable. It will dissipate illusions in America and give pause to those who lightly supported American intervention in a European war. It is a warning of the future and yet it offers but little hope of a peaceful exit. The hammer, not the anvil, must relent. Possibly the realization that it is not profitable, even for France, to bring Europe to complete ruin, may yet cause a change in French policy. If it does, Europe has a chance of survival; if it does not, the outlook is dismal.

Edwin M. Borchard, professor of international law at the Yale University Law School, has been law librarian of Congress, assistant solicitor of the Department of State, and expert on international law to the American Agency, with the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration at The Hague. He is the author of a number of books.

Still Experimenting

MAID IN WAITING. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931.

THE ROOF. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. The same.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

PERHAPS the first thing to be said about Mr. Galsworthy's new novel is that in type as well as in subject it is a departure from the Forsyte series. It is not a study of a period or of a generation; it propounds no social theories or problems. It even dispenses with the familiar Galsworthian device of balancing against each other characters or groups representing different classes. The only Forsyte whom we meet in it is Fleur, and her appearance is momentary. Some other figures from the Forsyte novels, such as Sir Lawrence Mont and Hilary Charwell, play minor roles. Like these, the leading characters are people of an older and finer tradition than the Forsytes, and the story deals with them, not as representatives of a class, but as individuals. Mr. Galsworthy turns away also from the theme of love, and gives us a heroine who finds other things more interesting. All this is refreshing, both in itself and as a new proof of the flexibility of the novelist's art. He is in no danger of limiting himself to a formula; he is still experimenting.

For all his long and intimate acquaintance with the Forsytes, Mr. Galsworthy never quite liked them. They were always to him specimens of a rather disagreeable class—possessive climbers, caring chiefly for money and social position. The Charwells (or Cherrells, as the author now spells the name, to indicate its pronunciation) are a family so old that they never have to think of social position; and for money, of which they have not much, they care not at all. They have reached a degree of civilization when people become persons. The central figure, Dinny Cherrell, is the most delightful of Mr. Galsworthy's heroines. She is far more clearly seen and individual than Irene Heron; she is infinitely more likable than the hard and self-centred Fleur Forsyte. She has the frank charm of Holly Forsyte and of Lady Babs in "The Patrician," but she is much more fully and intimately revealed to us. Mr. Galsworthy is likely to be at his best in his portraits of young girls as yet untouched by passion. Dinny does not fall in love, though at the end of the story she is perhaps on the verge of it. We see her chiefly as a sister and as a friend. The main plot concerns her spirited and resourceful efforts to vindicate her brother, a young army officer on leave, from charges of incompetence, cowardice, and murder. A secondary plot brings out the same intense loyalty and an even higher courage in the support of a terribly afflicted friend. In neither capacity does she show the smallest trace of priggishness or saintliness; she is an entirely modern young person, quite conscious of her power to please, and using it skilfully to accomplish her ends.

Her chief adversary, at first, is an American archæologist, Professor Hallorsen, leader of an expedition into Bolivia in which her brother Hubert has been second in command. Hallorsen, in his book on the expedition, has accused Hubert of responsibility for its failure, and this has led to questions in Parliament and to an attempt on the part of the Bolivian government to extradite Hubert on the charge of murdering a native mule-driver. Hallorsen promptly falls in love with Dinny and publicly withdraws his charges; but the extradition business is more serious, and the complications which it involves make up a large part of the story. A subplot has to do with the affairs of Dinny's friend Diana Ferse and her insane husband. The account of the madman's flight and death is a powerful and moving piece of narrative.

It is regrettable that Mr. Galsworthy attempted to represent his archæologist as an American. Hallorsen is, to be sure, better drawn than Francis Wilmot, the young Southerner in "The Silver Spoon." One recognizes the type the novelist has in mind—the "go-getting" professor of

JOHN GALSWORTHY
FROM A CARICATURE BY LOW, IN "LIONS AND LAMBS" (HARCOURT, BRACE)

science from a western university. But this professor speaks a language which does not exist between Eastport and San Diego. In one speech he uses the phrases "gone-dead," "bone-superior," and (God save the mark!) "God-darned." In the next he says: "You've lost the spirit of enquiry; or if you've still gotten it, you have a dandy way of hiding it up." Here "enquiry" is English: "dandy" is out of date; "if you've still gotten it" is impossible ("gotten is never used with "have" in the sense of possess); and "hiding it up" is as un-American as "God-darned." And Professor Hallorsen's solecisms are not confined to language. On learning that Dinny is going to stay with Diana Ferse, at the risk of violence from the insane husband, "he put his hand into his hip pocket and brought out a tiny automatic. 'Put that in your bag. It's the smallest made. I bought it for this country, seeing you don't go about [he should say 'go around'] with guns here.'" Absurdities of this sort make Hallorsen, who is intended as a serious character, grotesquely comic. He is the weak spot in what is otherwise one of Mr. Galsworthy's stronger novels.

"The Roof," like "Maid in Waiting," shows the author in an experimental mood; here, as in "Escape," he has set himself a difficult problem in technique. Of the seven scenes in the play, the first six are supposed to occur simultaneously in the course of a half hour; the seventh in the following half hour. Instead of condensing time, as a dramatist usually does, he expands it by presenting in sequence events which happened simultaneously, so that the dramatic time of the play is less than half the acting time. He shows us five groups of people, related only as they are all endangered by a fire in the Parisian hotel where they are staying. His plan thus handicaps the play in two ways. The audience must be persuaded to set back their time sense on five separate occasions, and to remember that it is set back; and they must divide their interest among a large number of people only casually connected. The first necessity, to a reader at least, is an almost continual nuisance. In spite of various devices involving clocks, watches, and chimes, one is constantly having to remind oneself that it is still between midnight and twelve-thirty; and various minor questions about exits and entrances of characters who appear in earlier scenes complicate the annoyance. The second handicap is perhaps even more serious. The play has no centre. The rather short final scene, which is supposed to bring it to a focus, does indeed test the characters in a variety of ways, but we have not become sufficiently acquainted with any of them to care greatly about them. Notwithstanding these handicaps, the play holds our interest as a curious and skilfully executed stunt. Such success as it may have will be due chiefly to its novelty and ingenuity.

Homer E. Woodbridge is professor of English at Wesleyan University. He is a frequent contributor to reviewing journals, the author of "Essentials of English Composition," the editor of Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and, with Jacob Zeitlin, of "The Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman."

Plays by Thorton Wilder

THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER, and Other One Act Plays. By THORNTON WILDER. New York: Coward-McCann, and New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT LITTELL

THOUGH the play that gives its title to the book has recently been produced by Professor George Pierce Baker and his students at New Haven, these one-act plays seem better designed for reading than for the stage. Of the six—some of which are so slight as to be hardly more than charade-like fragments—"The Long Christmas Dinner" is easily the most solid and original. The idea is an imaginative and pleasant one: dramatization of the passage of time; the lives of three generations of an American family unroll before us without dropping the curtain, and are poetically foreshortened by the happy symbolic device of having the characters, one after another, enter by a garlanded portal which is that of birth, and leave by a black velvet portal which is that of death. When the characters are born, a nurse brings them in; as they grow older they put on white wigs, "simply and without comment, at the indicated moment," and when they die, they rise from the table, where the eating of a ninety-year long Christmas dinner is never interrupted, and move, just as simply and naturally, out through the black door. Time is concentrated, softened, saddened, and time is the chief, though invisible character. The people themselves are hardly more than functions of time, and the action consists almost entirely of birth, growing up, aging, and passing away. It is not surprising then, that a play which is so full of time should be strangely empty of almost everything else. The shadow of death, of the inevitable exit which is to occur a few pages later, blots out the characters' features and makes one less interested in them than curious as to the time and manner of their departure. In this play, Mr. Wilder has hit on a brilliant idea, but an idea that is so good that, once he has suggested it, the translation of it into words and people seems to flow downhill from it, like a trickle of shallow water from a good, deep spring. And occasionally, and in spite of the gentle, melancholy dignity of the dialogue, as character after character rises from the table to leave the turkey and mortal life behind him, one finds it hard to repress a titter. I may be doing this tender telescoping of time an injustice, but I cannot help feeling that a faithful attempt to do it on the stage would give rise to moments of embarrassment.

The other five plays are quite varied. "The Queens of France" is a rather elaborate joke, nicely perfumed with history. "Pullman Car Hiawatha" is a pale, fantastic potpourri, a facetiously self-indulgent medley of celestial music, archangels, and lower berths that gets a little tipsy on its own fantasy. In it, Mr. Wilder enjoys himself hugely, and leaves the reader with some right to wonder what it is all about. "Love and How to Cure It" strikes one as almost too slight for a place in a slight volume. "Such Things Happen Only in Books" is uncharacteristic—a feeble and lame little trick, written with more care than it is worth. The last play, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," contains plenty of family, satirical realistic American dialogue, and one good character (the mother), but it would be better as a story than as a play.

On the whole, Mr. Wilder's adventures into a form which makes him so self-conscious that he is continually running away from it are not happy, and simply cannot be compared with the imaginative certainty of his novels. The plays are all slight, which is true of most plays, but there is in them a shying-away from the obvious, the firm, the earthly, and satisfactory that suggests, not so much a divine discontent with realism and a praiseworthy longing for higher, more mysterious things, as sheer inability to wrestle with an unfamiliar form, and lack of something vitally worth saying in it.

Robert Littell was the dramatic critic of the New York WORLD *until that paper was absorbed by the Scripps-Howard interests. He is the author of "Read America First."*

American Prose

(*Continued from page* 363)

those who are determined to become articulate *à l'outrance* will do better with the rhythm of American speech than we did with our Victorian memories.

To one reader, at least, it seems that the workaday style of the best newspaper and the best magazine writing, including such comedians as *The New Yorker*, is better now than like writing before the war. It lacks, or seems to lack, Great Names, to lift it now and then into what we call a style. It boasts no Addisons, no Swifts, no Macaulays, no Lowells, and no (thank heaven!) Carlyles. But this is not an age of Great Men. There were no Napoleons and Wellingtons in the war. Our great men are the Northcliffes and the Mussolinis, switchmen of genius, who throw the train of progress on to another track, but are too busy to perfect anything. Yet it is more than probable that in the best journalistic prose in this country we have already an instrument as expressive as any ever created in popular language. When some of the youngsters begin to try to make a good job of their writing instead of high profits for newspaper and magazine proprietors, its quality may become more evident.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

MALAISIE. By HENRI FAUCONNIER. *Macmillan.*

A novel of the white man in the Jungle.

ONLY YESTERDAY. By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. *Harpers.*

A lively history of the nineteen-twenties.

A NATURALIST IN BRAZIL. By KONRAD GUENTHER. *Houghton Mifflin.*

A travel record by a scientist who is interested in men and manners as well as fauna and flora.

The Saturday Review
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Seeing Russia

EYES ON RUSSIA. By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

DECIDEDLY, Miss Bourke-White is a new-fashioned girl. She feels thoroughly at home in her United States. She loves machines, or should we say, The Machine—the bigger the better. A great factory, far from being for her any symbol of imprisonment or of the cramping of individuality, is a place in which one feels beating the pulse of our people. Here is power and vitality, "every curve of the machine, every attitude of the worker, has an eloquent simplicity, a vital beauty."

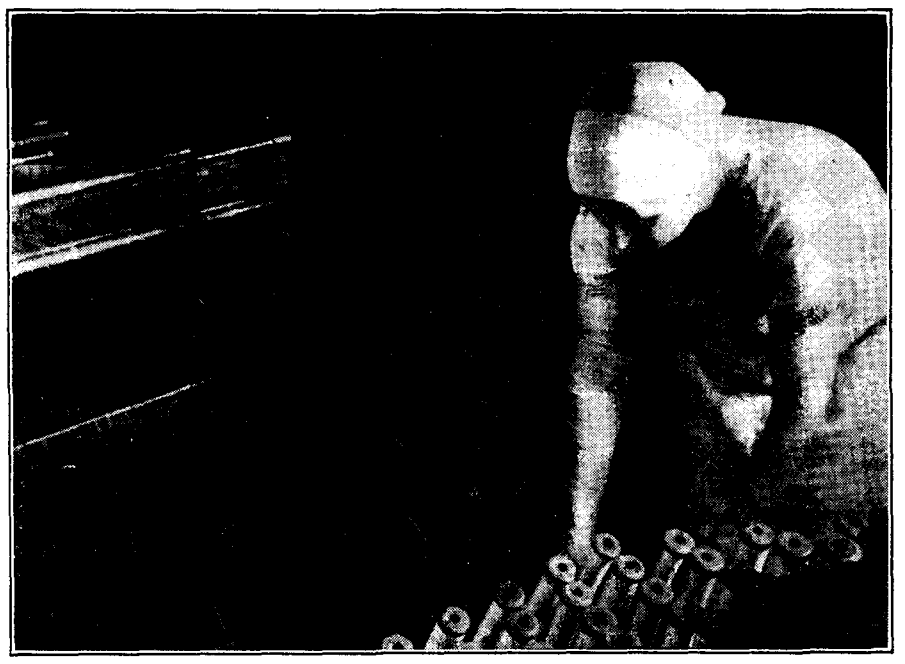
She likes fox-trotting and night clubs, and the texture of steel and of concrete. Greek temples, early-Americana of one sort and another, were both beautiful in their day; are still beautiful, yet with an obsolescent, nostalgic beauty. Miss Bourke-White is as far from Wordsworth as the latter was from the pyramids.

Before she went to Russia in the summer of 1930, she had been an associate editor of *Fortune*, and as such had supplied that magazine regularly with industrial photographs. She scrambled like a structural steel-worker over skyscrapers, steel-mills; looked into the faces of express locomotives and giant turbines and generators as the early impressionists looked at ballet dancers and water lilies. She studied their contours and rhythms, hunting for what, to her senses, was their overtone or inner essence, and tried to catch that in her photographs. Yet she loathes what sometimes passes for "artistic" photography—the mere slurring over and arbitrary softening of lines to give the illusion of handwork. There must be no decoration for decoration's sake. The beauty must be that of force, symmetry, usefulness; and while such quite non-industrial things as clouds may be used as backgrounds, they must be used with conscious art to bring out more perfectly the "character" of machine or workers.

Those acquainted with the photographs in *Fortune* will not be surprised to hear that the Bolsheviks were excited when they saw her work. They were, indeed, in quite the Russian manner; the manner of which American audiences have had glimpses in some of the Russian films brought to this country. But of course they took a characteristic Russian way of showing their enthusiasm about her visit. Although she applied for a visa at the Soviet Information Bureau in Washington six months in advance so as to have everything ready, and had sent on ahead the most formidable letters of recommendation, nobody knew anything about her or the visa when she arrived at the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. There were interminable weeks of fretful waiting. When she finally got to Moscow and was received, almost immediately, as few foreigners had been received before, everything had to wait until "the day after tomorrow." The Soviet scheme of continuous work, with different individuals' rest days coming at different times, seemed like a puzzle ingeniously designed so that the man you needed, on any particular day, was always away, taking his day of rest.

But at last, she started out on her five thousand miles' trip, with such an array of permits and official seals as would make the average foreign correspondent bark with envy. The Soviet Government paid her travelling expenses, and if there were trains or "soft seats" to be had, she was to have them. When she wanted sugar, she went direct to the local "Gay Pay OO" and an officer marched with her to the nearest shop and requisitioned the sugar, if there was any. In Novorossisk, the local newspaper editors were almost as fascinated with the American girl's permits as with her photographs and exotic personality. "With such papers, the young lady could go to the moon!" they gasped.

Well, Miss Bourke-White had a wonderful trip and she took some 800 pictures. She saw the great dam and bridge at Dnieperstroi; the 272,000-acre State farm known as "Verblud"; the great cement works at Novorossisk; rolling mills, textile mills, tractor mills, peasants, factory workers, horses, great clouds piling high above the endless Russian plains, churches, workers' clubs, and much else. There are forty of her unusual and intensely interesting photographs reproduced in her book, and with it a running story of her trip itself. She found, to put her impressions into ten words, "Little food; no shoes; terrible inefficiency; steady progress; great hope." She makes no attempt to discuss politics, weigh results, or indulge in prophecy, except by implication, frequently humorous. The pictures speak for themselves—and tell more than chapters of the usual sort of returned traveller's tales of the tremendous drama of the Five Years' Plan.



ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE IN "EYES ON RUSSIA."

Beauty and Malaise

MALAISIE. By HENRI FAUCONNIER. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS work, which won the Goncourt Prize this year, is a beautiful and fascinating book. It is about Malaysia; the word *Malaisie* indeed is the French form of Malaysia, but the translator, who has done well everywhere, has done especially well in leaving unchanged the title, with its suggestion of *malaise*. For the book has in it the enchantment of the jungle, where a white man may be happy, but can never be at home, and the note of uneasiness is never long absent.

Its author was for fifteen years a rubber planter, and he has ably conveyed the surface picturesqueness of the country he knows so well. The mixture of races—Tamils, Malays, Chinese overseers, and the planters, boyish, hard-drinking Englishmen and supercivilized Frenchmen,—the look of the cool forest and the warm sea, native customs and brilliant festivals, everything in short that one would expect in a travel book, is there, intimately known. But the writer's real interest is not in the mere aspect of the country, but in the feel of the place, its effect on a sensitive man who has lived there a long time. This is expressed in the character of Rolain, the experienced friend of the narrator, who has given himself up to the Oriental nihilism which is so sympathetic to many Frenchmen. Rolain talks constantly, utters some of the best talk to be found anywhere, though he will hardly affirm anything. He says "Have you noticed that men have definite ideas only on subjects they have never thought about?"

Rolain and his friend drift into a dreamy fatalism and skepticism which the country encourages, and for a time are ideally happy. They take a holiday by the sea and live naked, a paradisical holiday where nakedness seems as spiritually symbolic as in Donne's lines "As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be To taste whole joys," or as Rolain puts it: "Every land in which a man cannot live naked all the year round is condemned to work and war and morality." Happiness is one of the hardest of states to describe; but the pure happiness of this part of the book is so perfectly depicted that it transports the reader back to Eden.

But it does not last. The country is not after all friendly to white men; the first incident of the book was the collapse of a man who had taken to drink, as a sort of fair warning not to trust oneself too much to the pleasant languor of the tropics. Indeed, the country is not altogether friendly even to its natives; there is a warning of that, too, halfway through the book. And at the end, Rolain's native servant-boy, between whom and his master there is a grave and lovely affection, runs amok and brings on a tragedy.

The translation could not be better. In every way "Malaisie" is an exquisite book, a book to own and to read more than once.

Perhaps the Hen

HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE APES. By WILL CUPPY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by FRANK SULLIVAN

THIS makes the second time Will Cuppy has fooled me. Two years ago he wrote a book called "How To Be A Hermit." I read it immediately, and hopefully. I had long desired to be a hermit but had been prevented from becoming one by the telephone and a constitutional weakness for assenting when anyone, at one in the morning, said, "Oh, let's have just one more."

In that book, instead of telling me how to be a hermit, Cuppy made me chuckle. Made me chuckle constantly and immoderately. Chuckling at my age, and with my knowledge of how cruel the world can be!

The selfsame Cuppy has now written another book. It is called "How To Tell Your Friends From The Apes." Well, with my large circle of acquaintances, it seemed a handy book to have. I read it. With what result? I am again reduced to an undignified state of hilarity, and am still to a large extent in the dark about my friends.

Mr. Cuppy devotes the first portion of his book to our various forebears, the Piltdown Man, the Heidelberg Man, the Neanderthal Man, and the Cro-Magnon Man. I would not know much about this portion of the book. I was carefully reared, saw little of the lower classes and was never allowed to associate with any but Heidelberg men. Cuppy's chapter on the Heidelberg Man seems to me a fair and unbiased analysis of the average Heidelberg man.

In the section he devotes to birds I felt more at home. I know birds. I had an aunt who was a good deal of a finch. I also know hens and, like Mr. Cuppy, know no good of them.

Now, in the main I agree with everything Cuppy says in the book because (a) I am of a sweet and gentle disposition and always agree with everybody, and (b) on the few occasions when I disagreed I got a poke in the nose. Nevertheless, I cannot let pass unchallenged Cuppy's statement that hens say "tuk, tuk, tuk, twork." Perhaps the hens Mr. Cuppy has known say "twork." In that case all one can do is lift a polite eyebrow and maintain a discreet silence. But the hens I knew (and despised) never said "twork"; they said "tuk, tuk, tuk, ka-TAW-kut."

If any of our hens had ever said "twork" they would have been summarily dealt with. My father was no stickler for the proprieties, and on occasion could express himself in pretty strong language, but he was not one to allow hens to go about clucking "twork"; not while children were within hearing, at any rate.

There is a lot more to be said about Cuppy's book, but I cannot say it now because it is late and I have my ironing to do and a lot of clothes to sprinkle. I shall simply add that I have made the book required reading in all the public schools and am presenting a copy of it to each member of my Sunday School class. For the public good, Cuppy should be put to work immediately on another book with a title starting with "How." I suggest "How To Tell Your Friends To Be Hermits."

The Lady of Godey's

(*Continued from page* 364)

ously compensate American literary genius. Hardly a distinguished author of the mid-century but was among its contributors. Edgar Allan Poe for one; but also Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Nathaniel Parker Willis, William Gilmore Simms, Fitz Greene Halleck and many others of like or lesser literary fame; all of them glad of welcome to *Godey's* pages, most of them enjoying as well the personal friendship of the "Lady Editor." Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to her: "How much you have done, and always with a high and pure aim!"

For the rest, the details of Sarah Hale's life and personal authorship, the ins-and-outs of the career of the *Lady's Book* and its profound influence upon American life, especially the life of women; for the thousand sidelights upon and from the quiet firesides above and roundabout which surged the politics, the wars, and rumors of wars, the economic hithers and yons concerning which other historians have busied themselves voluminously, you must turn to the volume itself. From every point of view, including that of sheer entertainment, it is rewarding. Mrs. Finley has made a major and indispensable contribution to the history of American journalism and literature. She has reclaimed and reanimated one of the most vital forces in our social development, uncovering forgotten springs of domestic refreshment and inspiration.

She has done it before, in her "Old Patchwork Quilts, and the Women Who Made Them." There is a similar discerning study of woman's life and handiwork in America, going on quietly but with an almost tragic intensity under the surface of our more obviously dramatic history. A spirit intangible, indescribable, infuses both of these books; an understanding of spiritual factors underlying—memory, personality seeking expression. . . .

> There is something quaintly pathetic about the intensity of such work. Years spent in the making of tapestry or church embroideries seemed justified by the sumptuous dignity of the finished product; but that a calico bed-quilt should constitute the dearly earned fulfilment of a dream suggests a very starvation for beauty. . . . With such poor means as they found at hand they were seeking to recreate what the civilization they had left behind in Europe possessed. . . .

All this has needed doing. In both of her books this keen-eyed reporter, researcher, student of life, with a sense of social values and spiritual significances, has done it brilliantly.

John Palmer Gavit has been newspaper man, social worker, and director of a publishing house; he has been observer at and writer on the meetings of the League of Nations, and is now Associate Editor of the SURVEY. *He was chief of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press from* 1909-1911, *and from* 1912-13 *was Managing Editor of the New York* EVENING POST *of which journal he was Vice-President from* 1920-22. *He is the author of a number of books.*

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The BOWLING GREEN

Good Thoughts in Bad Times

EVERY year toward Christmas we make the suggestion that a few clients of exploring temper drop in at the Book Room of the Oxford Press (114 Fifth Avenue) and remind themselves how many really great books there are of which we hear too little. Consider for instance our old friend Thomas Fuller (1608-1662), author of *The Holy State and the Profane State*, and the *Worthies*, and *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (followed by *Good Thoughts in Worse Times*). Bad Time Stories are appropriate nowadays. It was always our secret hope to edit a modern reprint of the *Holy and Profane State*, of which we have a noble first edition (1642) but we learn that Professor E. K. Broadus supervised for the Oxford Press a little volume of *Selections from Fuller*. What a Christmas present that would be for just a few who understand how to commute back into the 17th century. It is one of that admirable and uncostly Clarendon Series of selections which includes such people as Wordsworth, Keats, De Quincey, Borrow, Coleridge, Cowper, with the most famous essays that have been written about them by great critics.

Not long ago we remarked to Mr. Clulow of the Oxford Press (American Branch) that in the matter of Thomas Fuller we are the Fuller Brush Man himself. This was only a hearsay phrase in our mouth: though we had been accosted both at our front door and on the air by a mysterious famulus calling himself that, the idea had no local habitation in our mind. The Fuller Brush Man might live anywhere from Maine to Manila for all we knew or cared. Then happened one of the coincidences that make life feasible. We had to go to Worcester by train, and were uncertain what to read en route. Usually we trust to the trove of Mr. Liggett's counters at his Grand Central drugstore; but we hadn't much time and so to be sure of success we took with us *Selections from Fuller*. In the five minutes we could spare for Liggett we found a Henry James (*The Sacred Fount*) for 50 cents, but by the time we reached New Haven we were fed up with his dreary threshing of social chaff. What an excessively irritating book is that *Sacred Fount*. However Mr. Liggett evidently thinks well of it, for he has several copies. Perhaps it is valuable as an example of how not to write. After 50 pages or so it even begins to exert a perverse fascination, like a drug. We imagined a conversation between Henry James and the man at the ticket-window, Mr. James endeavoring to get some information about trains.

Then we took up Fuller, and were consoled. It was humble and rich and real. And laying down the book to reconsider one of the good old parson's felicities we looked casually out of the window, a little north of Hartford. There, alongside at just that instant, was the Fuller Brush factory.

This was the good passage we had just been reading:

> Lord, I discover an arrant Lazinesse in my Soul. For when I am to read a Chapter in thy Bible before I begin it, I look where it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hands, from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; If it swels to many Verses I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly Food, I would not Complain of the greatest Messe of Meat.

Then we came upon this, which is what many a free-lance journalist has remarked to himself on giving up a safe job to chase his own victuals:

> Forresters have informed mee, that Outlodging Deere are seldom seen to be so fat as those as keep themselves within the Parke.

Fuller was one of the first of those to emphasize a great secret truth of publishing: "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the Printers have lost. Whereas foolish Pamphlets prove most beneficial to the Printers."

One of Charles Lamb's comments on Fuller is so embarrassing that we cannot refrain from quoting it. On November 30, 1829, he wrote to Gillman from whom he had borrowed the *Church History* and the *Worthies:*

"All I want here is books of the true sort, not those things that moderns mistake for books—what they club for at book clubs."

THE HARVEST IN BURGUNDY

One of the Bowling Green's travelling correspondents, Antoinette Burgess, gives the first news we have heard of the 1931 wine harvest in Burgundy. She writes from the Hotel Saint-Louis et de la Poste at Autun:

"I drank the health of the *Saturday Review* in vieux Beaujolais at the Trois Faisans in Dijon; and again last night at Beaune in the liqueur which is a spécialité of the Hotel de la Poste. [Marc, presumably.] Although my father was an importer of French wines, I've never known one vintage from another, but if I stayed long in Burgundy it would be different. This year the vines yielded so poorly that the proprietors have petitioned the legislature not to label any of the wines. I wonder if you know the book I am using as a guide: *Burgundy* by Stephen Gwynne. It is delicious. For one page of description of cathedral or Roman remains he devotes four or five to what he had to eat and drink. But it is irresistible when one fares as one does at these marvellous old inns each of which is famed for some one dish. The écrévisses au crême I had last night will live in my memory along with the Hôtel-Dieu.

"I had an experience in Dijon that would have pleased you. It was evidently an auspicious day for weddings, for as I stood in the entrance of the old Palais des États, I saw *seven* brides arrayed in white descend the grand staircase (and never tell me that French girls have pretty feet) and drive away in seven antique barouches—five of which were drawn by white horses, and all of which were lavishly bedecked with white favors. Seven wives, but none of whom will probably ever see St. Ives.

"While in England I went to Winterslow, and had tea in Hazlitt's sitting-room at the Hut. You approve of that I feel sure."

We thought we knew most of F. Anstey's yarns. There must be many like ourself who remember *The Brass Bottle* when it ran in the old *Strand Magazine;* and *Vice Versa* is also a pretty well-known classic. But we never read *The Tinted Venus* until we came upon it in the Anstey omnibus lately issued by Dutton. *Humour & Fantasy* by F. Anstey they call the collection; a title one instinctively telescopes to *Humor & F. Anstey*. Nearly 1,200 pages of as pleasant reading as one expects to find, and we hope to live long enough to see *The Tinted Venus* made into a moving picture. A timid little barber accidentally brings the statue of Venus to life by putting a ring on her finger; the reanimated goddess falls in love with him and follows him all over London, to his great embarrassment. What a picture it would be for Charley Chaplin.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Vachel Lindsay: 1879-1931

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OF all the vivid meetings during a long friendship with Vachel Lindsay, none comes back more spontaneously than an evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Vachel (he was just beginning to slough off the introductory Nicholas) was seated between my wife and myself: the opera was "Coq d'Or." The prologue had set the mood for witches that rode in iron mortars and huts that walked on hen's legs; plucked strings joined with a glassy percussion to evoke a light that never was even on fairyland. Then the legend blossomed for the eye as well as the ear; oriental reds and yellows fought for dominance; a ballet emphasized the crescendos of fantasy while two green giants swung through the dancers as though they were mowing to music. Vachel leaned forward. "I'm *for* it!" he boomed in what he imagined was a whisper but which effectively drowned Rimsky-Korsakoff's brasses. "I'm *for* it, Louis! That's what I want Springfield to be!"

There was about the ejaculation something incongruous, even something grotesque, but there was also something grand. Truly, that was what Vachel wanted his Springfield (Springfield, Illinois) to be—a living legend in strange music, swift color, heightened awareness. But it was not only Springfield that was to be so happily transmogrified; it was to be every city, every tawdry cross-roads. Springfield was far more than the town in which he was born and to which, after many wanderings, he returned to die. As anyone must notice who reads that curious document, "The Golden Book of Springfield," it became his symbol for a richer America in the same way that Whitman's "I" was a symbol of a hugely —and, like Vachel's, a naïvely—idealized democracy.

That Vachel was, primarily, an evangelist is obvious not only from his program but from his performance. He printed and reprinted his *Village Magazine* and gave copies away from the asking; he tramped, at various times, from door to door, entertaining the farmers, reciting for the children, and uplifting the entire family with his vision in exchange for a night's lodging. He combined, in his poetry as well as his personality, the free improvising of the minstrel with the fervor of the missionary. He never ceased to be a propagandist for the preservation of the spirit. Just as he believed that every slum might become a part of a holy city, so he insisted that every person housed a poet. I remember one of his most persistent efforts to awake the artist in his fellow-beings. Vachel had a theory that, inherent in everyone's handwriting, there lurked a "private hieroglyph." Each man's way of shaping his letters was his highly individualized style, and Vachel held that this "idiom" could not only be discovered but used to unlock vast creative potentialities. I remember his first experiments on a not altogether inarticulate group, the fabulous flower-boats and beasts, the convolutions and quatrains he evolved out of our free-hand "cat," "dog" and the company's collective scribblings. A mesmerist, aided by the ghost of Edward Lear, might have accomplished this. But only Vachel, fired with the evidence of things unseen, could have believed in it.

The evangelistic impulse was implicit in the very phrases with which the poet endeared himself to those who knew him either in the flesh or on the printed page. Framed in a syncopated energy native to his background Vachel preached his sermon. Beneath their megaphonic declamations, the poems say it over and over. "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" is no less a psalm for being accompanied by the horns and bass-drums

VACHEL LINDSAY
FROM A BUST BY ADRIAN VOISIN

of the Salvation Army; "The Chinese Nightingale" takes us from a Californian laundry to a perfumed Nirvana where spring comes on forever; "The Congo" begins in a barrel-house dive and ends in an African paradise where a million boats with oars of silver sail through a transfigured land; "The Kallyope Yell" rises from the tanbark of the circus-ring to become the siren singing of a dream-haunted, dream-hunting people.

It is this last poem which fascinates me most; through its lines Vachel seems to speak without his usual instruments and accessories. Now, more clearly than when his voice was a novelty, he seems to be saying in the voice of a suddenly hushed calliope;

> Prophet-singers will arise,
> Prophets coming after me,
> Sing my song in softer guise
> With more delicate surprise.
> I am but the pioneer
> Voice of Democracy;
> I am the gutter dream,
> I am the golden dream.

It is not for me to attempt a final summary of Vachel's gifts as a poet or pioneer nor hazard a guess as to how long his sharply stressed and richly communicated vitality will survive. I suspect that he knew how ineffectual, if achievable, it was to "blow the proud folk low, humanize the dour and slow." Even while he envisaged every man as a driver of chariots with "a steel spring Roman grace," he knew that as long as lions roared his people would worship not merely Mammon but Barnum, and that the very popcorn crowd would rule the town.

Nevertheless, his vision was "born of mobs, born of steam," and I like to imagine that now, more than ever, Vachel has something to say to us. I even think I can tell what it is. He is saying "Listen to my golden dream. . . . Listen to my g-o-l-d-e-n d-r-e-a-m. . . .!"

In Memory of Vachel Lindsay

By SARA TEASDALE

"DEEP in the ages," you said, "Deep in the ages,"
And "To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name"—
You are deep in the ages now, deep in the ages,
You whom the world could not break, nor the years tame.

Fly out, fly on, eagle that is not forgotten,
Fly straight to the innermost light, you who loved sun in your eyes—
Free of the fret, free of the weight of living,
Bravest among the brave and gayest among the wise.

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Pioneer Life

CALICO BUSH. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS is a really good book, simple in its narrative, meaty, sincere, and with that occasional thrill which is so much more effective when the story lifts you to it, than when some trick or irrelevant sensation spurs the jaded flank of narrative. Calico Bush is the name of the old ballad made on the sheep laurel flower and this story of a pioneer's family of 1743, settling on the mainland of Maine near Mt. Desert island, is woven in and out with authentic customs and folk poetry, both French and English. For the heroine of the story, Marguerite, is a French refugee, a "bound girl" in charge of the children. She has grit and intelligence, saves them from the Indians, does more than her share in making the home, and is a personality. The lives of the pioneers were chronicle, and the difficulty in writing their stories, especially for children, is to keep a nice balance between the routine of frontier life, interesting but still a routine, and the possibilities of adventure which lead the story teller for children into a melodrama of excitement where the hero always wins. Miss Field has got the texture of real life into her story without dulness on one hand or melodrama on the other. The island life flows with a genuine intensity but her touch is always sure upon the life and the family characters to which the adventures happen, and she never lets the episodes run off with the story. It is a skilful and rather touching book, with a remainder of good American experience for the child who reads it.

Tales of Foreign Lands

A DOLL, TWO CHILDREN, AND THREE STORKS. By TERESA. Translated from the Italian by DOROTHY EMMERICH. Illustrated by WILHELM REETZ. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

THE SPARROW OF ULM. By GRACE GILKISON. Illustrated by the author. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

THESE two delightful and intelligent juvenile books, the first a translation from the Italian of a Nuremberg Christmas story and the second a retelling of old German tales, offer just one danger in the role of Christmas gifts for children: improperly disciplined parents may insist upon reading them first!

"A Doll, Two Children, and Three Storks" owes much of its enjoyable quality to its picture of Nuremberg as a veritable capital of toys in the eighteenth century. But apart from this charm it relates a vivid narrative of how the toys in the most popular toy shop of Nuremberg revolted and left the city toyless and forlorn for an entire year, because their favorite clerk was unjustly imprisoned for theft. The famous doll Cunegunda, which now graces the shop window of an antiquarian and which is the sole survivor among the many characters in the book, is responsible for the facts of the story; she it was who related the adventures of the toys to the author. And such adventures! Led by Cunegunda, Charlemagne, and the Nut Cracker, the principal toys in the shop, together with the two children of the unjustly accused clerk, mounted three Nuremberg storks and, leaving Nuremberg destitute of toys at Christmas, departed for a year in fairyland, down in Italy. The remaining toys, with the exception of the Rubber Cat, simply marched off to a grotto and locked themselves in for the year, and the Rubber Cat played the Sherlock Holmes role and succeeded in bringing the real culprit to justice and in releasing the unfairly accused clerk from prison. During the year the Nurembergers, who were very proud of their toys, had been taught a good, firm lesson and, when the toys returned in time for the next Christmas, we are given to understand that these Nurembergers had learned enough not to go about mistreating favorite toy clerks any more. So all ends well, with the Nurembergers properly punished, repentant, and forgiven, with Benito Claus released from prison, with the children returned to Benito, and with the toys back in Nuremberg, obviously the best place for them to be as long as the city's inhabitants are behaving themselves in an agreeable manner.

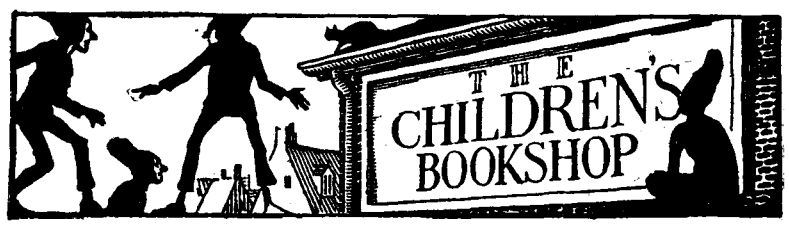
We believe children eight to twelve, for whom the book is intended, and their parents and grandparents and aunts and uncles will be particularly enthusiastic over the numerous illustrations by the German artist, Wilhelm Reetz.

"The Sparrow of Ulm" is a volume containing five delightful old tales in each of which a bird is the principal character. These stories are intended for children from six to eight years old, but, while it might be well to heed the six-year age limit, the eight-year limit could be extended indefinitely.

The book takes its name from the first story in it, that of the sparrow who showed the arguing citizens of Ulm how to bring through the city gates the beams for their great cathedral. The old, familiar tale is thoroughly fresh and alive in the author's narration of it.

The second story in the book, "The Starling of Segringen," is really the gem of the volume. The author's keen sense of humor, always kindly and in evidence in every tale in this book, is at its best when she tells of the starling and of the barber and his wife. We see so clearly the bright, cheerful, little barber, his scolding wife, and the clever starling that it is impossible for the moment to believe that this is only a fairy tale. We become equally convinced in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," a story not originally intended for children but which has been well adapted to their understanding in the present book.

Miss Gilkison has a special talent for gently and humorously robbing the vain of their glory. She finishes off a pompous city councilor or an austere cardinal so deftly as to make even a six-year-old see that unapproachable people are not always to be taken too seriously.



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Old Friends in New Dress

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED. By JAMES BALDWIN. Color illustrations by PETER HURD. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

This excellent hero tale joins the list of "Scribners Illustrated Classics for Young Readers," and has in keeping with the other titles a handsome holiday appearance. It should make many new friends among boys and girls who thrill to the deeds of great and god-like men.

THE OREGON TRAIL. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $3.

The many vigorous and dramatic drawings by James Daugherty distinguish this classic of the West.

THE OMNIBUS JULES VERNE. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1931. $3.

Four Jules Verne stories between two covers! The book contains "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "The Blockade Runners," and "From the Earth to the Moon and the Trip Around It." Maps and a frontispiece for each tale add a festive note.

OUR CHILDREN. By ANATOLE FRANCE. New York: Duffield & Green. 1931. $3.

Anatole France and Boutet de Monvel, the artist, matched their happiest moods in two books for children, "Our Children" and "Boys and Girls." They are now to be had in one volume. Our small sigh is a technical one for the uneven quality of the printing.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. By CLEMENT MOORE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1931. $1.50.

Arthur Rackham's inimitable pictures for this jolly Christmas poem make an attractive and tender book.

THE DUTCH CHEESE. By WALTER DE LA MARE. New York: Knopf. 1931. $3.

Two favorite fairy stories from "Broomsticks" delightfully illustrated in color and black and white by the fairies' foremost interpreter, Dorothy Lathrop.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. By MARK TWAIN. Philadelphia: Winston. 1931 $2.50.

Christopher Morley has written an introduction for this edition which young persons will enjoy reading. They will like also the numerous illustrations by Peter Hurd.

BAMBI. By FELIX SALTEN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

New illustrations by Kurt Wiese, larger type and format place this edition definitely in the junior library.

COMPLEAT ANGLER. By IZAAK WALTON. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1931. $5.

Twelve full-page pictures and many decorations by Arthur Rackham make this large boxed edition a handsome gift for Rackham enthusiasts.

THE LEWIS CARROLL BOOK. Edited by RICHARD HERRICK. New York: Dial Press. 1931. $3.

A nice selection with Tenniel and Henry Holiday illustrations, containing "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," "A Tangled Tale." Phantasmagoria Nonsense from Letters.

ILLUSTRATION, BY ARTHUR RACKHAM, FOR "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS," BY CLEMENT C. MOORE (LIPPINCOTT).

THE LITTLE SHEPHARD OF KINGDOM COME. By JOHN FOX, JR. New York: Scribner's. 1931. $3.50.

Pictures by N. C. Wyeth revive the popular story of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. Illustrated. New York: Coward McCann. 1931. $2.50.

This account of a charming English boyhood omits the chapters on the War in the edition for young readers.

A DAY IN A CHILD'S LIFE. Music by MYLES B. FOSTER. Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY. New York. Frederick Warne. Reissue 1931. $2.

THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE SALE. By BRET HARTE. Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY. New York: Frederick Warne. Reissue 1931. $1.50.

A Search for Treasure

THE MYSTERY CROSS. By GUNBY HADATH. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by MITCHELL CHARNLEY

THOUGH he tells a simple and familiar story—the story of a boy's search for treasure left him by his father and sought by a villainous enemy—Mr. Hadath has put distinction into this small book. A writer well known to English boys—his stories are favorites in *Boy's Own Paper*, the leading British boys' magazine—he is a stranger on this side of the water. "The Mystery Cross" is a pleasant introduction.

The distinction in the story lies in its effortless writing and its excellent characterization, rather than in its plot. It is the tale of David Keddie, orphan, summoned to a strange treasure hunt by a stranger messenger, an aged and weatherworn drummer who appears in a little seacoast town with a message directing the boy to seek at the foot of St. Palfry's Cross for wealth. The search for the cross leads David and the drummer, loyal servant of the boy's dead father, into adventure all over England and finally into the heights of the French Alps; there the search ends, and the villain of the piece dies ingloriously.

A simple story, this, and one told frequently enough (with a few slight variations). Yet Mr. Hadath has succeeded in investing David and the drummer, Aunt Deborah and the treacherous Roach, with so much life, such vitality, that they make of the simple story a very real one. The book is one a boy can read with profit because of its literary merit, and one he will read engrossedly for the same reason—even though he doesn't recognize it!

The Story of Christmas

THE CHRIST CHILD. From the Gospels According to Matthew and Luke, with Drawings by MAUD and MISKA PETERSHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARGERY BIANCO

AMONG the host of picture books stylized, quaint or sophisticated, each striving for special effect, it is a pleasure to come upon anything as serene and simple as the Petershams' "Christ Child." Its cover, with a picture of the Bethlehem stable set against a background of gold-starred blue, reminds one of old-time Christmas Eves, half-forgotten carols and all that goes with the legend of the first Christmas. It is interesting to know that Mr. and Mrs. Petersham went to Palestine expressly to get the real setting for their pictures, and that the little rounded hills, the funny long-eared lambs and queer branching cactus plants that figure so decoratively through the pages are a part of the genuine background. The pictures are soft and delicate in coloring and have all the feeling of Eastern warmth and sunshine. We are glad that the text is not re-told, but taken directly from the gospels of Matthew and Luke, the only words in which the story of the Nativity should be presented to children. The printing was done in Germany under the direct supervision of the artists and is a very fine example of what is possible in color work, perfect in tone and gradation. Both for its beauty and special appeal this book should have a foremost place on the Christmas list.

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SUGGESTIONS for CHRISTMAS

THE DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY. By *E. M. Delafield.*
RICHARD HUGHES OMNIBUS.
BROOME STAGES. By *Clemence Dane.*
HATTER'S CASTLE. By *A. J. Cronin.*
DEATH AND TAXES. By *Dorothy Parker.*
THE WAVES. By *Virginia Woolf.*
DWARF'S BLOOD. By *Edith Olivier.*
THE COLLECTED GHOST STORIES of *M. R. James.*
ONLY YESTERDAY. By *Frederick Lewis Allen.*

William Rose Benét

For Amusement

HUMOR AND FANTASY. By *F. Anstey.*
SNUG HARBOUR. *By W. W. Jacobs.*
Detectives and Spooks
MR. FORTUNE SPEAKING. By *H. C. Bailey.*
THEY WALK AGAIN. Edited by *Colin de la Mare.*
Poetry
THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN. By *Alan Porter.*
Fiction
FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. By *Bruce Marshall.*
S.S. SAN PEDRO. By *James Gould Cozzens.*
Juvenile
RAGGEDY ANN'S SUNNY SONGS. By *Johnny Gruelle,* music by *Will Woodin.*
For Collectors
A Year's Subscription to *The Colophon*—$15.
For Students of Typography
MISE EN PAGE. By *A. Tolmer*—$12.
New Editions
CASUALS OF THE SEA. By *Wm. McFee* (Modern Library, 95c).
DREAMTHORP. By *Alexander Smith* (Oxford Press, 80c).

Christopher Morley

BROOME STAGES. By *Clemence Dane.*
MALAISIE. By *Henri Fauconnier.*
ONLY YESTERDAY. By *Frederick Lewis Allen.*
THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By *Henry F. Pringle.*
THE EPIC OF AMERICA. By *James Truslow Adams.*
WELLINGTON. By *Philip Guedalla.*
THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN. By *Alan Porter.*
THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH. Translated by *Joseph Auslander.*

Amy Lowman

ALBERT GROPE. By *F. O. Mann.*
RETURN I DARE NOT. By *Margaret Kennedy.*
TWO PEOPLE. By *A. A. Milne.*
ALL PASSION SPENT. By *V. Sackville-West.*
MAPP AND LUCIA. By *E. F. Benson.*
LIFE AMONG THE LOWBROWS. By *Eleanor W. Rowland.*
ONLY YESTERDAY. By *Frederick Lewis Allen.*
1066 AND ALL THAT.

Mary Lamberton Becker

ALL PASSION SPENT. By *V. Sackville-West.*
LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. By *Mrs. Mabel Todd.*
WELLINGTON. By *Philip Guedalla.*
AMERICAN POETRY. By *Louis Untermeyer.*
SONNETS OF PETRARCH. Translated by *Joseph Auslander.*
THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By *Henry F. Pringle.*
THE WORK, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND. By *H. G. Wells.*
THE CORN KING AND THE SPRING QUEEN. By *Naomi Mitchison.*

THESE THIRTEEN. By *William Faulkner.*
AMERICA HISPANA. By *Waldo Frank.*
ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW. Edited by *Christopher St. John.*

Henry S. Canby

CITY CHILD. By *Selma Robinson.*
THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By *Walter Millis.*
FIRST NIGHTS AND FIRST EDITIONS. By *Harry B. Smith.*
SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. By *Willa Cather.*
NEWTON D. BAKER: AMERICA AT WAR. By *Frederick Palmer.*
SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS. By *Dorothy L. Sayers.*
LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by *Mabel Loomis Todd.*
SNUG HARBOUR: The Collected Stories of W. W. JACOBS.

John T. Winterich

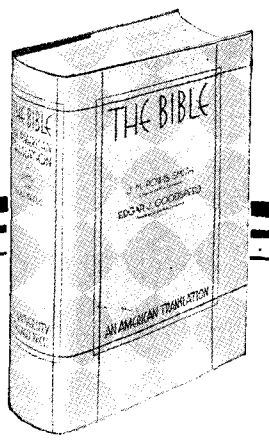
Social Satire

THE GARDENER'S FRIEND AND OTHER PESTS. By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL
Reviewed by MARION P. SMITH

THIS ingenious work of collaboration, that bears the names of Mr Chappell and Mr. Hunt, is widely heralded by the publishers as a "spoof," a word which the editors of the "New English Dictionary" wisely refrain from defining, but which they give as a synonym for "hoax or humbug." As Mr. Chappell's "Cruise of the Kawa" was undoubtedly a glorious "spoof" adventure book, publishers and reviewers may rashly conclude that everything that flows from his pen is an addition to the literature of hoax and humbug. But this book is not. It is a delicious bit of social satire, and its garden lore is above reproach. It chronicles the formation, activities, and downfall of a suburban Garden Club throughout the twelve months of its existence. The authors and founders of the club, who served as its secretary and treasurer, acted on the advice of their friend, Harry Golightly, editor of *Beau Monde,* and established the Hammonasset Garden Club on a firm foundation. As Harry put it, "You wish to have a club with distinct social prestige, not merely an excuse for meetings of a lot of rather ordinary people who like to stick seeds in the ground." So Mrs. Horace Punderford, Elsie Chalmers, "whose place, though small, was always immaculately kept; the two Trainor sisters, Sophy and Lucy, impeccable spinsters coeval with their own box bushes," and two or three others, equally desirable, were chosen charter members. In time the doors were opened, for one reason or another, to a few of the "villagers"; but this turned out a mistake, as events at the last meeting proved.

Papers were read at each session of the club, sometimes by members, sometimes by horticultural experts who were invited to attend. It is difficult to choose from so much that is excellent, but the present reviewer would tie for first place the lecture by Mr. Fosberg of the Connecticut Agricultural College on Insect Pests, and Henry Chalmers's paper on "Manure." In the course of the year the members visited the Spring Flower Show in New York, the Ellington Gardens at Great Neck (where they were held up for two dollars a head admission fee) and were in turn visited by the Caravan Players. These temperamental young artists produced "Black Rose" in Fanny Graham's garden, a play chosen by the club members for its supposed horticultural interest but which "dealt not with the queer flowers of poesy, but with miscegenation, a social problem never discussed in the salons of Hammonassett."

Designs from old wood-cuts embellish the absurd little lyrics that introduce the records of each month, and Haenigsen's illustrations are as amusing as the text; possibly more so.



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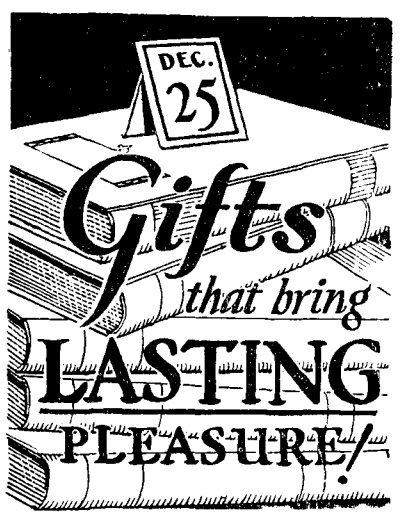

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IVES WASHBURN NEW YORK

A Picture Book for Elders

DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL: Master of Photography. By HEINRICH SCHWARZ. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $6.

Reviewed by PAUL STRAND

THIS handsome American edition of reproductions of the photographs of David Octavius Hill (1802-1870) is justified by its subject and does justice to it. It brings together eighty fine examples of Hill's portraits, printed in Germany from the German half-tone plates, which in these days of shoddy, commercialized reproductions are a joy to behold. Besides the illustrations there is an interesting but uneven essay by Heinrich Schwarz, clearly translated by Helen E. Fraenkel.

Hill was the first great pioneer in the use of photography as a medium of expression and remains today one of the foremost photographers of all time. His work is not new to America but it was in danger of being lost and forgotten. Original Hill prints were shown by Alfred Stieglitz as early as 1906 in the gallery of the Photo Secession at 291 Fifth Avenue and again by Stieglitz with Max Weber in the big International Show of Photography at the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, in 1910. To Hill's work were devoted numbers 11-28-37 of *Camera Work*, but most of these books which recorded so completely and so beautifully the development of photography up to 1916 have been either lost or destroyed. It is important therefore to have this book from Germany and its American edition.

Herr Schwarz begins his essay with a scholarly account of the discovery of photography in France by Daguerre, the experiments of Niepce—also those of Fox Talbot in England, which latter led directly to photography as we know it today. Schwarz tries with considerable success to link this historical data with the social, scientific, and philosophical forces which created the early nineteenth century and lead directly to our own time. He then goes on to tell the interesting story of how Hill, a Scotch painter living in Edinburgh, was impelled in 1843 to take up the new and then miraculous process of photography. Although a landscape painter Hill had made up his mind to paint a large canvas of five hundred Scottish churchmen who were in revolt against the Anglican Church—a fight in which Hill himself had been deeply interested. And to aid him in this gigantic task, for which his technique as a painter was not adequate, he decided to make photographic likenesses. So began a series of experiments in which he was helped by his friend, a chemist, Robert Adamson. For several years they worked with indifferent success but from 1845 to 1848 a series of astounding portraits came out of this collaboration. In 1848 Adamson died and so far as we know Hill did very little photographic work after that. Schwarz attributes this sudden stopping partly to Adamson's death and partly to a loss of interest on the part of people. My own feeling is that the familiar notion that photography is an inferior medium of expression came to the fore finally and Hill's friends gave him a bad conscience by telling him he was wasting his time and should get back to his painting.

As Herr Schwarz points out, although Hill started with the idea of using photography as a means to an end he actually was by vision and talent a photographer and became completely fascinated by the possibilities of this new, untried medium. For he photographed not only churchmen but most of the prominent people of his time in the literary, scientific, and art world of Scotland, all eager to come to him and sit for exposures of five or six minutes in the sun. In remarking upon the extraordinary unself-consciousness in these portraits, Herr Schwarz makes this interesting point—that these people were not concerned with any preconceived idea of a picture of themselves and so coöperated very completely and with a certain respect, in what was for them a mysterious and fascinating personal adventure. They had a certain innocence before the camera long ago lost by us.

Through the direct and austere arrangement of large masses of dark, broken by the head, the hands, or some part of the dress (built though it was upon the chiaroscuro of the old masters) Hill gives the eye at once an impression of simple grandeur and of true human nobility. He always emphasized the strength and never the weakness in his sitters, yet the portraits are unsentimental, free from any attempt to prettify. Possibly these men and women were not torn by inner conflict as most of us are today. For they appear sure of their direction in life to this extent—that they seem to have known what life meant to them and what was truly of value to them in it. This kind of inner strength Hill saw and recorded. And it has its esthetic counterpart in the solidity of his esthetic structure, in the indestructible dignity of his arrangements of light and dark—so simple in effect, so difficult to achieve.

It is true that for many years no photographs were made which had the spiritual depth and unity of Hill's. Both Julia Cameron and Nadar, whom Schwarz mentions, are important in the development of photography, but their portraits do not come out of a vision as deep or as clear as do those of Hill. Yet this does not justify Herr Schwarz in saying "Hill's calotypes are examples of photography so brilliant that by the side of them everything which has taken place since pales." Judging from the sensitiveness with which he has approached Hill's photographs one feels that were he not completely ignorant of what has been done by others he could not have made such a ridiculous assertion, one which greatly weakens his affirmation of photography itself.

There are, for instance, the recently discovered photographs of the Frenchman Atget, a man much more naïve than Hill, yet whose work is just as pure, just as direct, whose pictures of the shops, buildings, and markets of Paris are informed with the same nobility of spirit. More important still there is another large body of work which Herr Schwarz could not have seen except in America, for Europe knows absolutely nothing about it—the later work of Alfred Stieglitz. This photography goes far beyond either Hill or Atget—comes out of a more conscious and profound vision, a greater mastery of the medium. The world which is reflected in Stieglitz's photographs is a universe, intensely alive with the awareness of multiple forces. To embody this universe he has used every instrument possible to photography, not only chiaroscuro but the expressiveness of pure photographic line, texture, and tonality—undreamed of by Hill, only partly sensed by Atget.

The work of all these men, each so different, yet so alive, is definitive of what photography can be when, and only when—untampered with—its technique becomes the tool of vision, of spirit. Their photographs explode the still current but fallacious notion, to which even Schwarz subscribes, that in comparison with painting, photography is a limited and inferior medium, incapable of reflecting any profound human seeing. For they demonstrate that what is still attributed exclusively to the imagination of the painter actually exists in the objective world, that if it is seen it can be photographed. Further, that painting is not a substitute for photography or vice versa; each is a distinct and separate way of perceiving and of recording meanings and relationships in life. Goethe's words quoted by Schwarz are true ones in this relation. "What else have art and artists ever done except perceive the individual thing, isolate the object out of the welter of phenomena, elevate it, intensify it, inspire it, and give it meaning?" In short, the root of art, regardless of medium, is seeing.

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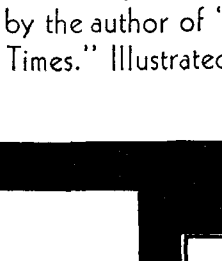

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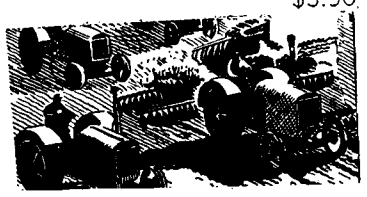

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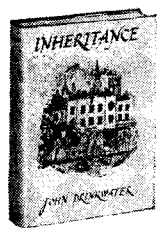

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Representative Tales

GOLDEN TALES OF NEW ENGLAND. By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

IT was a character in one of Sarah Orne Jewett's stories who once bemoaned the growing sameness about her. "These days," she said, "young folks is all copy-cats, 'fraid to death they won't be all just alike; as for the old folks, they pray for the advantage o' bein' a little different." It seems to me that the authors represented in Mrs. Becker's collection of New England tales all shared this feeling. They were eager to preserve that New England which will never return, but which impressed itself so indelibly upon the American life and literature of a past century. As in her earlier collection of "Golden Tales of the Old South," Mrs. Becker has culled her material from widely different sources to recreate a period and its people,—even its very aspect and climate. Here are sly thrusts of humor; curious customs and manners, and the spicy turns of phrase that one hears so rarely now even in remote villages and lonely places.

These seventeen stories are as varied in style and the characters they portray as the jagged cliffs of the Maine coast are from the Berkshire Hills and the sand dunes of the Cape. Yet when one has read them all there is a sense of relationship between them. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Thanksgiving at Oldtown" makes admirable company for Dorothy Canfield's "Old Man Warner," and Louisa M. Alcott's "Transcendental Wildoats."

In a group of this sort one is always tempted to wonder why the editor did not choose such and such a story instead of the one included. Here, the choice, if not always the most representative of the author, has always been on a high artistic level and the tales have not suffered, as is so often the case, by removal from their background. It was good to come upon such old favorites as Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Guest of Mrs. Timms"; Thoreau's "Wellfleet Oysterman"; Hawthorne's "Old Esther Dudley," and Rose Terry Cooke's "Town Mouse and Country Mouse," and to find that they had not grown creaking or out-dated in the fifteen or more years since we had first read them. Others, to be sure, stood the test successfully, but for the purpose of the volume that matters less than that the spirit of a period should be there. Mrs. Becker's own brief comments on the different authors and their contributions are shrewd and informal,—not the least important part of a well-planned and representative collection.

Tubes of Sunlight

COVERED BRIDGES IN AMERICA. By ROSALIE WELLS. New York. William Edward Rudge. 1931. $10.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN ABBOTT

MOST collectors, whether of books on heraldry, or cigar store Indians (Muirhead Bone belongs to the latter group) are secure in their confidence that once found, the item can be carried home in a parcel—if a book—or if it be a wooden Indian, can be lashed to the running-board of the car, and a triumphant and immediate return from the chase is guaranteed.

Miss Rosalie Wells can have no such comfortable assurance, her quarry being covered bridges, and her search takes her far—through some twenty-five states, to be exact.

Her book is a well-edited compilation of photographs with sufficient comment on each to satisfy normal curiosity on the part of the purchaser. It is unfortunate, however, that the photographs are not more uniform in quality—ranging as they do from really worth-while work to some rather mediocre negatives.

It would be interesting to be able to say that the bridges chosen for illustration are sufficiently architectural in design and feeling to enable an amateur on architecture, for instance, to intelligently speculate as to the state—North or South, East or West—in which any one example originates, without referring to the title. This, however, is not the case. For instance, the photograph of the Buffalo Forge Bridge, in Virginia could without remark be substituted for that of the bridge over the Connecticut River near Columbia, New Hampshire, while the very beautiful and well photographed example which spans the Boquet River in Essex County, New York, could likewise be confused with the bridge over the St. Joseph River, Michigan.

Had the compiler-author seen fit to include one or two examples of continental bridges—(there are some inspiring examples in Switzerland)—an interesting comparison might have been suggested. It is comforting, however, to lovers of the picturesque to know that there are still extant in this country so many examples of what one enthusiastic "collector" aptly termed "speckled tubes of sunlight."

Chicago the Great

CHICAGO: A PORTRAIT. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH. New York: The Century Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

CHICAGO in 1931 sits for its portrait, a modern portrait. Now and then Mr. Smith pulls a daguerreotype out of his reticule to make the contrast between the old town and the new city more emphatic. For an immigrant to Chicago, as is this reviewer, the daguerreotype holds as much interest as does the Protean profile of the present-day city.

One hears, on coming to Chicago, of a locality called Streeterville, but one hears also of the "Gold Coast," "The Loop," "The Yards," of "Towertown," and innumerable other sections. Streeterville, however, remained a spot, bounded by unfamiliar streets, until Mr. Smith gave it a personality—and such a personality!—in his chapter on George Wellington Streeter, one time the Barnum of the Michigan woods; one time captain of a lake steamer, and perpetual and litigious squatter on one of the Lake Front's most valuable sites.

Chiefly, however, Mr. Smith's book is a study, as current as a news-reel, of this Middle Western metropolis which changes with amazing rapidity before one's bewildered eyes. "Let there be land" say the City Fathers, and there is land, and since Chicago has no mountains from which earth and powdered earth can come, its waterside plain is the product simply of men and machines. Underneath the astonishing loveliness of Grant Park "have been hurled immense quantities of earth brought up in excavating for new buildings, and tons upon tons of the grim mixture of old iron, rusty springs, mud, broken furniture, tin cans, boxes, more mud, mattresses . . . the great city, as rapid in decomposition as it is in creation has simply discharged its waste matter into its front yard," . . . and towers bloom thereon.

Reading Mr. Smith's book is a little like being shown the town by an old and appreciative resident who cherishes the past but lives in the present and in the future. He knows what has happened in the old brown-stone houses; he is not above anecdote; he looks lovingly back at the restrained skyscrapers of the 1900's and out of his window at the clean, lean lines of the contemporary *Tribune* Tower, the Palmolive building, or "333."

Of Chicago's civic blemish — crime — Mr. Smith says little, though he does not refuse to recognize it. "That blemish," he says, "magnified and widely discussed by critics, is like a cyst on a face; a growth which the owner, when sitting for his picture, is too honest to hide. But when all the lineaments are seen that spot becomes relatively trivial." So when one studies this portrait one is struck by Mr. Smith's belief in his city.

E. H. Suydam has given the book illustrations of imagination, truth, and beauty.

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Good Books for Christmas

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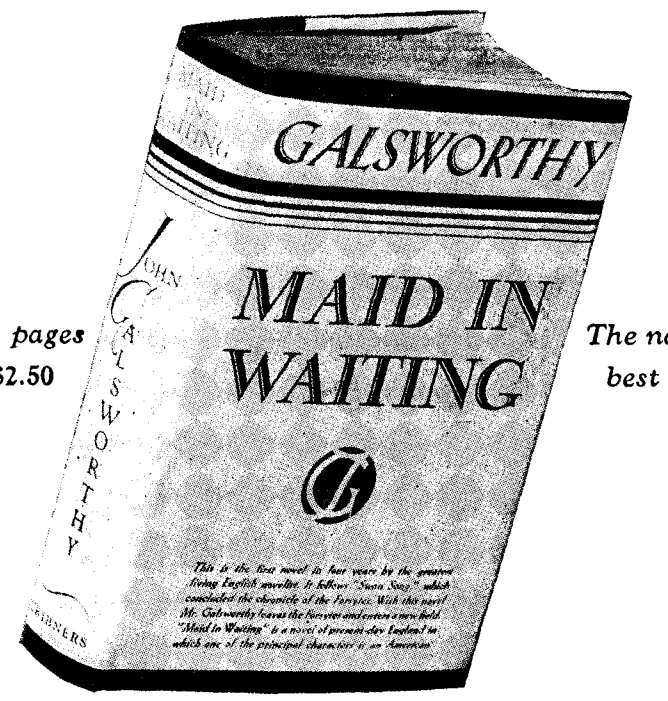

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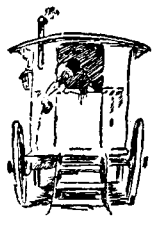

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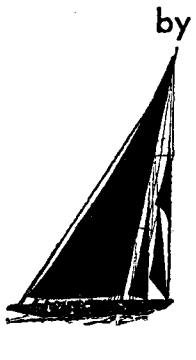

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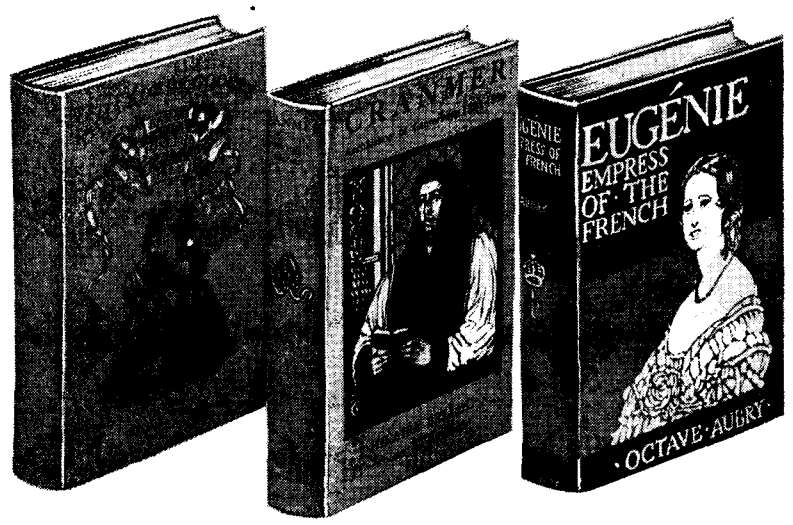

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

UNDERSTANDING MODERN ART. By MORRIS DAVIDSON. Coward-McCann. 1931. $4 net.

If modern art be still misunderstood, it is not for lack of interpreters. The latest is Mr. Davidson. His approach is historical. Wishing to show the continuity of esthetic evolution, he devotes nearly three quarters of his text to painting before Cézanne. The point of view is that of a tempered radicalism, and many of the individual estimates are perceptive. But the work has been undertaken much too light-heartedly and with superficial study. It is news to learn that Giotto's "Death of St. Francis," certainly painted after Giotto's fiftieth year, was "painted long before the full attainment of his powers." Again Manet's mistress-model who posed for Olympia would be amazed to find herself described as "a well-known sophisticated society woman." It is also surprising to learn that Renoir restored the female nude to honor as a Salon subject, and also that "none of the inflated nudes of Rubens is as convincingly real as are Renoir's."

On the main issue, not much more than sequence is shown. Precisely the point is whether Modernism is continuous with the art of the museums or new and emergent. It would be hard to find an answer in Mr. Davidson's text. It is difficult also to reconcile his final eulogy of the Modernist School with his quite gingerly attitude towards many of its most conspicuous practitioners. However, he may be praising the expressionist esthetic as such, with his reservations for its concrete productions.

In general the book is pretty light weight, but worth reading for occasional felicities of interpretation. There is little grasp of the great theme as a whole.

Belles Lettres

DON'T OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $1.

This little story or essay, call it whatever you please, which has appeared in a collected volume under the title "Slow Gin," is the penetrating and charming study of the results of Santa Claus's Christmas gin, which made the world's characteristic motions run slowly as in a retarded movie. It was very beautiful and rather terrible, and Santa Claus failed entirely in attempting to explain to his wife why the best Christmas present was not to think at all.

Biography

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. By M. R. WERNER. Cape & Smith. 1931. $2.50.

The story which the American Mr. Werner tells in this little book is the "autobiography" of a young Russian emigré pianist, Victor Seroff, whom, apparently, the former met during a recent visit in Paris.

Seroff was born in 1902 in Batoum, on the Black Sea, and his youth, until the Revolution, was spent in that Asiatic edge of Russia. He lived through the nightmare days of the early part of the Revolution in Batoum, then, for a time, in the macabre chaos of Constantinople when it was packed with Russian refugees of every variety, milling about like cattle aimlessly herded by Allied authorities of one sort or another. After that, came Vienna, and a Bohemian existence in Paris with emigrés of his own nationality, expatriate Americans, and the human flotsam of Montparnasse. The story closes with a glimpse of the young musician watching the smoke pour from the chimney of the crematorium in which the pitiful and once beautiful body of his acquaintance, Isadora Duncan, is being consumed.

For the author of "Barnum" and "Brigham Young," the "autobiography" is, naturally, a *tour de force*, which he accomplishes with simplicity and an interesting air of verisimilitude. As for Mr. Seroff, he gives us a worm's eye view, so to say, of life in one of the most outlandish fringes of a Europe and a period which were more or less mad. We say "worm's eye," for, after all, there were other sorts of people and other sorts of life, even in Constantinople, in 1920, just as there are "normal" people in Paris. How important this record, which stops in the subject's twenties, while he still seems to be struggling to find footing, may be, is a matter of opinion. It does, at any rate, give vividly and with seeming accuracy, what fate brought to at least one youngster, pitchforked, while still a schoolboy, into a crazy and crumbling world.

Fiction

THE LOVING SPIRIT. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

It is very easy to tell half-truths about this first novel by the grand-daughter of the author of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," but very difficult to come upon the whole truth. The book is in the romantic tradition, with psychic affinities that endure through generations, with previsions of the future and strange peerings into the past; but it is, too, a modern novel in its realistic presentation of its material, in its objective attitude toward its own subjectivism, and in its psychological analysis. The story is told with all the detail of the nineteenth century manner, and yet it catches something of the swiftness of the more recent narrative style. It is a book that is interesting in itself and intriguing in its potentialities as a first novel.

Janet Coombe is the first to possess the loving spirit. She is made for the sea, for adventure, for the life of a man. Yet she must stay on shore and bear six children. The urgent, frustrated life of this sex-bound, land-bound woman makes up the first and most successful part of the book. Her spirit is shared by only one of her children, a son, but in him it turns inward to bitterness narrowing ultimately into insanity. In the next generation Christopher bears the banner but only feebly, a misfit urged always towards a life to which he is unequal. In his daughter, Jennifer, the loving spirit comes into free bloom again. Time has moved on, and the limitations which held Janet enthralled are breaking down. Perhaps the spirit will need no more to be subterranean and sinister.

Ships and the sea and the little shipbuilding village on the Cornish coast play a part in the story equal to that of the characters. Miss du Maurier wrote her book in a Cornwall seaport, and there are, through its pages, the tang of salt air, the movements of ships on the sea, and the threat or beneficence of storms and seasons.

Travel

PORTUGAL FOR TWO. By LAWTON MACKALL. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $3.50.

The only trouble with this book is that it is too clever. The account of Portugal is singularly fresh, and in spite of the lightness of style is crowded with information and very good description. It is a study of Portugal by a traveller who took pains to know a good deal sympathetically about his Portuguese before he visited them, and no one of civilized taste is likely to read his book without wanting to follow quickly the two who went. There is a bibliography, and about 100 pictures, some of them excellent—with just a few too many wisecracks.

Brief Mention

This Was England, by Alan Bott (Doubleday, Doran: $3.50), is an unusually delightful collection of pictures, drawn from illustrated magazines through the Victorian period, with a ribbon of historical text run through the pictures. Of all the books of history recollected through pictures that have been published in the last year or two, this seems to be the most interesting. Richard Hughes, author of that very original book, *The Innocent Voyage*, also called *High Wind in Jamaica*, has brought together in an *Omnibus* (Harper: $3) sixteen stories, thirty-one poems, and three plays, including all his important work outside of the above-mentioned novel. Havelock Ellis writes an introduction for the *Life in Nature* of James Hinton (Dial: $3), nineteenth century author

(*Continued on page* 379)

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most living and original work before me this week is undoubtedly John Dos Passos's translation from the French of certain poems of Blaise Cendrars. The translator has also illustrated his book with twelve excellent drawings in color. While I cannot criticize this poetry in English by comparing it with the poetry in the original, I think it sufficient to quote Mr. Dos Passos in this connection. He says very sensibly, in part, "I think it has been worth while to attempt to turn these alive, informal, personal, everyday poems of Cendrars into English, in spite of the obvious fact that poetry by its very nature can't be lifted out of the language in which it was written. I only hope it will at least induce people to read the originals." Certainly Mr. Dos Passos's translation should do this, for *Panama, or The Adventures of My Seven Uncles* is brilliant and sensitive in the English version. It has been made into a most attractive large paper-bound volume by Harper & Brothers. It contains "Prosody of the Transsiberian and of Little Jeanne of France," "Panama, etc.," "Two Rivers, from *Kodak Documentaire,*" "Elephant Hunt, from *Kodak Documentaire,*" and "Notes on the Road: The SS. 'Formosa.'" Lewis Galantière, as I cannot, could explain to you the exact position Cendrars occupies in modern French poetry, but in the "Translator's Foreword" there is enough to give us a hint of this. It begins, "The poetry of Blaise Cendrars was part of the creative tidal wave that spread over the world from the Paris of before the last European war." And the translator cites such manifestations as the music of Stravinsky and Prokovieff, Diageleff's Ballet, the windows of Saks Fifth Avenue, skyscraper furniture, the Lenin Memorial in Moscow, and the paintings of Diego Rivera in Mexico as part of this same movement. In the America of today he feels that poetry has "subsided again into parlor entertainment for high school English classes. The stuffed shirts have come out of their libraries everywhere and rule literary taste." There we take issue with him, though it is certain that American poetry is no longer, as a general phenomenon, in nearly so exciting or stimulating a condition as it was in 1914. Certainly the translation of Cendrars's "Prosody of the Transsiberian" gives us back some of that exhilaration of youthful observation, that contagious excitement at a world freshly perceived through all the senses. This poetry is the poetry of adventure, of the search for new lands and new skies; new sensations; of constantly moving about; ocular poetry, pictorial description, poetry bright with color and telegraphic in its presentation of impressions. Its manner is casual and colloquial and always autobiographical. One does not remember separate phrase or line, one reads it as one would listen to a brilliant narrator of an active life, who had accumulated myriad impressions and possessed the gift of words to make them vivid to the auditor. Cendrars begins by saying, "I was a youngster in those days, hardly sixteen," adds "I was a pretty poor poet, I never knew how to get to the end of things," and proceeds to tell how he left Moscow, on fire for adventure, "as assistant to a jewelry salesman who was going to Harbin."

I was happy without a thought in the world,
I thought I was playing brigands;
We'd stolen Golconda's treasure
And we were fleeing on the Transsiberian to bury it on the other side of the world.

Next he dwells on his girl, Jeanne, "the poor poet's flower," who is always asking, "Say, Blaise, are we very far from Montmartre?" Somehow, in his descriptions of Jeanne, the vision of De Quincey arises,—no such traveller as Cendrars but with the same power over language, the same sensitive pity. Dos Passos, vivid poet himself, does well with the adaptation of the best passages of the poem. Here is one:

I've seen the silent trains, the black trains coming back from the Far East that passed like haunts
And my eye like the red light on the rear car still speeds behind those trains.
At Talga one hundred thousand wounded dying for lack of care;
I went through all the hospitals of Krasnoyarsk
And at Khilok we passed a long hospital train full of soldiers that had gone mad;
I saw the dressing stations the widening gashes of wounds bleeding at full throb
And amputated limbs dance fly off into the shrieking wind.
Conflagration flared in every face in every heart,
Idiot fingers beat a tattoo on every windowpane
And under the pressure of fear stares burst like ulcers.
In every station they'd set the rollingstock on fire,
And I've seen
I've seen trains of sixty locomotives fleeing at full steam cut off by howling horizons with flocks of crows flying desperately after
Disappear
In the direction of Port Arthur.

As we have said this is principally the poetry of "I have seen." *The Adventures of My Seven Uncles* begins delightfully with Cendrars's memory of his mother telling him as a child of the adventures of her seven brothers. Letters from these marvellous, almost mythical, creatures, fed the young Cendrars's romantic imagination. One uncle "disappeared in the cyclone of '95"; one, as a prospector in Alaska, had three fingers frozen, and so on. Small wonder that the schools and the college to which Cendrars was sent seemed as nothing to the boy compared with that fascinating school of the wide world in which he might learn all manner of dangerous and exciting things. Though a minor refrain of a few lines is introduced at the end of all the uncles' communications:

Then there was something else too
Gloom
Homesickness.

The poet never saw but one of his uncles. He came home to go crazy and to be shut up in an asylum. Another was a master chef whose "menu cards are the new prosody." This poem has real fascination,—though just why a page pronouncement of the Denver Chamber of Commerce is introduced on page 65 one may be given leave to wonder. One uncle, for whom Cendrars waited a year in the tropics, went off with an astronomical expedition to Patagonia and never did turn up. Also "in the fjords of the Land of Fire On the fringes of the world" he

fished out protozoic mosses drifting between two tides in the glimmer of electric fish
collected aeroliths of peroxide of iron.
One Sunday morning
You saw a mitered bishop rise up out of the waters,
He had a tail like a fish and sprinkled you with signs of the cross;
You ran off into the hills howling like a wounded lemur.

What uncles to have! It is the vast fantasticality of the world at large, as well as its beauty and drama and terror that the poet celebrates. His attitude toward love is stated later, in a poem entitled "Thou Art Lovelier than the Sky and Sea," and immediately perversely beginning

When you're in love you must get out
Leave your wife leave your children
Leave your boyfriend leave your girlfriend
Leave the woman you love leave the man you love
When you're in love you must get out.

Among the shorter poems, some of which become rather too telegraphic toward the end of the volume, there is one superb description, in "The Bubus," of French colonial negro women. In general it is easy to see why the French poet has attracted his American translator. He has the same painter's eye and the same roving foot. Dos Passos has brought to the translation a few of his own verbal peculiarities, but it is not the worse for that. He has made the poet speak to us like a man alive.

When one turns to Lewis Piaget Shanks's translation of Baudelaire's

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Flowers of Evil, made into a beautiful book (Ives Washburn), illustrated with distinction by Major Felton, I feel, on the other hand, that lifelessness has touched the living words of the dead. Granted that the style of Baudelaire must date, that the rhetoric of his day was not the rhetoric of ours, that what shocked one generation seems now but a strange nostalgia at worst, the magical language has not been transported to us. "Les Litanies de Satan" surely sounded originally more than merely pitiful, as they do now, in English. One of the most successful re-creations seems to me "Le Crepuscule du Matin," with its arresting beginning,

across the barracks came the bugle-blare:
the wind of dawn made all the street-lamps flare.

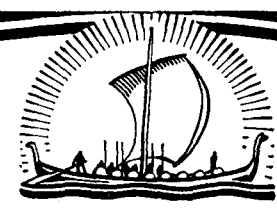
Mr. Piaget Shanks's translation is indubitably painstaking. Perhaps that is just the trouble. And I am quite aware that translation is a most difficult business. But the two books before me are examples of success and failure, taking the two poets entirely on their merits apparent in an English rendering.

The New Books Brief Mention

(*Continued from page 376*)

whose work set under way the thinking of Ellis and others of his period. Hinton lived from 1822 to 1875 and was a pioneer in the new studies of sexual morality. The *Broccoli and Old Lace* of Frank Sullivan (Liveright: $2) is just as amusing as the title suggests. He is the best slapstick satirist now writing. *The Summer Islands* of Norman Douglas, which is the second imprint of *The Colophon* and for sale at $6.30 for each signed copy, is a descriptive essay upon Ischia and Ponza by the distinguished author of *South Wind*. Those interested in the science which lies behind werewolves, vampires, nightmares, and the devil, will find an interesting discussion in Ernest Jones's *Nightmare, Witches and Devils* (Norton: $4), and may extend their information on the literary side through Maximilian Rudwin's *The Devil in Legend and Literature* (Open Court Publishing Co.: $3). An arduous task has been carried through by Lyon N. Richardson in his *History of Early American Magazines* (Nelson: $5). It is an extensive piece of research, elaborately documented, and though of little interest to the general reader will be valuable for the scholar in American literature. *Anjea: Infanticide, Abortion, and Contraception in Savage Society*, by Herbert Aptekar (New York: William Godwin: $2.50), is another one of the volumes in which the *mores* of savage societies are being studied on a thoroughly scientific basis, and with reference to the inner nature of our own customs.

A useful symposium on modern India has just been published by the Oxford Press ($1.50). It is called *A Coöperative Survey* and has chapters on government, law and order, art and culture, population, morals, etc., etc., all by recognized authorities. An engrossing book for those who like natural history is *The Snakes of the World* (Macmillan: $6), by Raymond L. Ditmars, the well known authority of the New York Zoölogical Society. The description is interesting, comprehensive, and, of course, authoritative. The photographs are remarkable. This book should go on the shelves with the standard book on the American Quail noticed in these columns some months ago. William Lyon Phelps's *The Excitement of Teaching* (Liveright: $1.50) taps his experience at its most useful point. It contains much common sense acutely applied, and interesting anecdotes. Havelock Ellis has reprinted in a beautiful format his essay *Concerning Jude the Obscure* (Ulysses Bookshop: London, W.C. 1) written many years ago for the *Savoy*. The edition is signed by the author and limited to 185 copies. E. F. Carrit's *Philosophies of Beauty* just published by the Oxford University Press ($4.50) is a collection of the important discussions of the nature of beauty from Xenophon up to Robert Bridges. Now that Saintsbury's collection of excerpts from authorities on esthetics and literary criticism is difficult to obtain, this book should be welcomed; but it should be noted that it deals more with esthetic and less with pure literature as such and is, therefore, more philosophic and less literary in its excerpts. A very useful book for scholars and critics particularly. Rollin Kirby, unquestionably the best American cartoonist of our times, has issued *Highlights: A Cartoon History of the 1920's* (New York: William Farquhar Payson, 1931) with a context of news articles and editorials. It is a powerful and impressive book. The now famous American translation of *The Bible* by Smith and Goodspeed has been issued in a convenient and inexpensive single volume (Chicago University Press: $3.50). Julia Collyer Harris, the daughter of the creator of *Uncle Remus*, has collected his miscellaneous literary, political, and social writings, which the University of North Carolina Press has just published ($4). An elaborately illustrated book, with some extraordinarily beautiful photographs, is the *Between the Tides* of William Crowder (Dodd, Mead & Co: $7.50). It is a reference and guide to the lower orders of seashore animals of the Atlantic coast of North America. A particularly beautiful book is *The Horse in Art: From Primitive Times to the Present*, by Leda A. Fleitman, with 112 illustrations. It should be a valuable reference book on art. There is a bibliography and historical essay accompanying the pictures (William Farquhar Payson: 1931: $15).



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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

By AMY LOVEMAN

"SLOW rises worth by poverty depressed." Perhaps you don't see at first glance the aptness of our quotation. Well, we'll admit that it—the quotation, we mean—may be a bit confusing, though it's perfectly plain to us. All we would imply is that in times of depression books come into their own as gifts, since the erstwhile wealthy are too poor to bestow country houses, diamonds, or limousines on their friends. All we have to do to make our quotation pertinent is to disregard its grammatical structure, and let words modify what we will and not what they should, and thus by an Alice-like inversion of logic arrive at our purport. As a matter of fact we've been vainly struggling to find some novel way of introducing our list of books for Christmas giving, but all our efforts seem to serve us nothing at all. So we bow to the inevitable, and simply state that we have here brought together some of the recent publications in such categories as loosely seem to meet the needs of rather arbitrarily arranged groups, in the hope that the selection may somewhat simplify your task of choosing appropriate books for your friends. And we state here, too, without further ado, that we are fully aware, even before we begin to write, that we shall not be able to get all the books we would commend to you in the space at our command, and that we shall have to beg your indulgence if we hold part of our list over for the next issue. Waiting, like absence, makes the heart grow fonder, and we shall be specially tender of the books that are to come. Well, to get down to business—

If you have among your acquaintance any elderly—we might as well come out boldly with what we mean, any aging—persons, to whom the "good, old days" are dear, and whose thoughts more naturally flow over the long road of the past than turn to the present or the future, you will find among the recent volumes a number which should prove most welcome to them. It would be a difficult person, indeed, granting him any literary interests, who would fail to delight in "The Life and Times of Sir Edmund Gosse" (Harpers), edited by Evan Charteris, wherein, in the most delectable prose, and with the glow of an ardent spirit still lending lustre to their descriptions of persons and publications, the letters of one of the most discerning and respected English men of letters of the Victorian-Edwardian period are presented, together with a running accompaniment of biographical fact. If, perchance, the two volumes of this work seem rather more expensive than your purse will allow, and you still desire to bestow upon a friend a literary chronicle, you can substitute for it "Everyman Remembers" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Ernest Rhys, the recollections of the editor of Everyman's Library, or, if you prefer to select a volume with American background, Hamlin Garland's "Companions on the Trail" (Macmillan). Perhaps your elderly friend is a woman (even though in this day and generation age may not wither her, nevertheless woman even now does grow old), well, to return to our suggestion, if your friend is a woman, she might be interested in the reminiscences of Laura E. Richards who, in "Stepping Westward" (Appleton), records the events of a girlhood spent in the shadow of the Civil War—Mrs. Richards's mother was Julia Ward Howe—and of a later life in which as the author of a succession of books dear to girls her name became a household word. Then there is V. Sackville West's delicate portrayal of old age sitting in appraisal of itself in "All Passion Spent" (Doubleday, Doran), a novel in which the irony of the author finds play through her heroine of eighty, and there is also "The Almond Tree" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Grace Zaring Stone, which brings together on the birthday of one, three elderly sisters who have not met for years and who are still living in the tradition of the past. But perhaps your friend would prefer the past in another form? Then you might send him (now he's a he again) Merle Colby's "All Ye People" (Viking), a tale so well buttressed by research as almost to be history. It is a chronicle of migration, of that picturesque movement which swept New England to the Middle West, revolving about the fortunes of a young Vermonter who sets forth to spread the gospel in the new territory and wanders from Ohio to the South.

We have approached so close to the borderland of fact with this last tale, that we can use it as a stepping stone to such other volumes we wish to suggest as Archibald Butler Hurlbert's "Forty-Niners" (Little, Brown), Alvin F. Harlow's "Old Bowery Days" (Appleton)—who now remembers that song which once rang from every corner of the country, "The Bowery, The Bowery"?—and "Better left unsaid" (Dutton), by Daisy, Princess of Pless. (Surely this is a strange companionship which we are forcing between a title and the most plebeian of streets.) And now we have arrived again at the ladies, and we must make haste to direct attention to a volume which recites the career of one of them whose name is half forgotten today though once it was most familiar. In "The Lady of *Godey's*" (Lippincott), Ruth Finley depicts the career of Sarah Josepha Hale, who made a magazine famous, was a pioneer in movements for the advancement of the position of women, an ardent worker for social betterment, an espouser of patriotic causes, and—not her least title to immortality—the author of "Mary had a little lamb." Mrs. Hale blazed the trail along which Margaret Sanger passed to prominence when she advocated birth control; it remained, however, for the latter woman to bring to success a campaign the arduous character of which is graphically set forth in her "My Fight for Birth Control" (Farrar & Rinehart), a book which is interesting aside from its factual contact for the picture it yields of an indomitable and brave propagandist who only after bitter struggle won toward success.

This will never do; we make no progress at all, and certainly before we leave behind your elderly friends we must see that you have suggestions for books to send them that will prove your faith in their readiness to keep in touch with the present as well as look back over the past. Why not bestow "The Best Short Stories of 1931" (Dodd, Mead), edited by Edward J. O'Brien, upon one of them, just as a means of giving him a bird's-eye view of the temper of present-day fiction? We don't advocate your doing anything so startling as sending him "These Thirteen" (Cape-Smith), by William Faulkner, even though its author is perhaps the most eagerly watched novelist of the day. (Try his volume on one of your less conservatively bred friends.) And, if he doesn't relish the mood of the time as he finds it conveyed by our short story writers, you can restore him to faith in America and to good humor by adding to Mr. O'Brien's collection Simeon Strunsky's "The Rediscovery of Jones" (Little, Brown), a wise and tolerant book. You certainly don't have to follow new gods if you don't want to, for there's a new life of Lincoln, shot through with anecdote and story, by Emanuel Hertz (Liveright), which you can pack off with your good wishes; and there's Agnes Repplier's volume of essays, "Times and Tendencies" (Houghton Mifflin), and a biography of Wagner, "Fact and Fiction about Wagner" (Knopf), by Ernest Newman. And, to swing abruptly back to fiction, there's Edna Ferber's new novel, "American Beauty" (Doubleday, Doran), which depicts aristocratic Connecticut yielding to immigrant Poland. On which note of distress or hope, as you see fit to consider it, we turn you right about face from your oldest friends to your youngest.

They presumably are the most assiduous readers of the new fiction, and we present you therefore with a list of novels of the past few months which should interest not only them but their elders. But first, since the "youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity," we would suggest that you send along with whatever novel you choose Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's "They that Take the Sword" (Morrow), a survey of war throughout the ages and a demonstration of its futility, and Frank Simons's "Can Europe Keep the Peace?" (Harpers), a book of such exceeding interest and immediate pertinence that it could well accompany any of your gifts. Alas, we seem to have strayed from the straight and narrow path of fiction (which, incidentally, these days is neither straight nor narrow) into that of national affairs, and so are deflected from youth to all persons of maturity. We might as well follow along the path we have wandered into and speak now of Sherwood Eddy's "The Challenge of the East" (Farrar & Rinehart), which we didn't mean to mention till later on. That's another book which is worthy of the serious attention of all persons interested in international affairs, and which is of quite fascinating interest. How one thing leads to another! Now suddenly we remember that there's a new volume of Gandhi's autobiography out, "Gandhi at Work" (Macmillan), edited by C. F. Andrews. But we must stop. If we go on this way we'll never reach those novels. As it is, we have progressed far enough away from that transitional sentence by which we tried to pass on from our listing of books for your elder friends to those for another group to have repented of tying up the titles we are about to mention with the younger readers specifically. They are for all who are interested in fiction, and that, we suppose, means everybody. But we chatter along instead of naming them.

On second thought we won't enumerate them yet. We want to get them safely remote enough from our unfortunate suggestion to hide the mistake we should have made in allocating them to the young. Nothing could have been more preposterous than so to label them. Heavens! An honest confession may be good for the soul, but, of course, by indulging in it we've called your attention to an error you might never have noticed otherwise. We're in a bog, and the harder we try to extricate ourselves the deeper we sink in. We'll let your friend, the reader with a taste for the drama, extricate us.

He's a lucky man, for you can hardly fail to meet his interests if you send him one of the new books which center about things theatrical. First, of course, you have the always piquant Mr. Shaw to stand you in good stead. And in what good stead he stands you! It needs no professional interest in the stage to find "Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence" (Putnam), edited by Christopher St. John, an enthralling narrative, or Frank Harris's "unauthorized" life of Bernard Shaw a volume of absorbing fascination. We'd suggest that when you give either one to a friend you supplement it with the other. For the acquaintance whose recollections go back to the days when Ibsen made as great a sensation in the world as Shaw did later there are two

(*Continued on page* 382)

The Devil Take Her

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Why Good Books Don't Die

We were very much interested by the leading editorial in the *Saturday Review* of December 5th, entitled "Why Good Books Die." And by these two statements in particular. "Too many books are published. Of these many, too few are kept alive until they can be bought."

"The commercial life of all but best-selling novels is three weeks, of non-fiction, except standard reference or textbooks, or the rare best-seller, say six weeks. After the bell rings, the curtain goes down, and up on a new extravaganza."

Perhaps the readers of the *Saturday Review* would like to see another side of the picture. Let us take the case-history of one of our publications, "The Story of San Michele."

When "The Story of San Michele" was first published, it was ignored by all critics and reviewers with but two exceptions. Not until the book was republished some months later did the critics give the book any noteworthy attention.

For eight months thereafter we advertised it heavily and steadily. By May, 1930 we had spent approximately nine thousand dollars in advertising and publicity. Despite this extensive advertising and unusually favorable reviews accorded the book, it sold less than 4,500 copies during this period. This disparity between sales and advertising expense represented a large loss to the publisher.

In its ninth month "The Story of San Michele" became a best-seller. What followed is publishing history, still in the making. The book has been a best-seller for over two years. It led all the national non-fiction best-sellers for twelve consecutive months. It is now in its 18th month as a national non-fiction best-seller, breaking all best-seller records. *And we have consistently advertised it week in and week out up to the present moment!*

Nevertheless there are still thousands of people eager to read "The Story of San Michele" who have for one reason or another put off buying it. May we suggest it as an excellent gift for these people or for yourself?

Among the outstanding successes of the present season are the following Dutton titles, chosen not by ourselves but by the acclaim of the American critics and reading public. They cover a wide variety of tastes. Each would make an appropriate and appreciated gift.

TWO PEOPLE by A. A. Milne *(6th printing—30th thousand)*, BETTER LEFT UNSAID, Leaves from my Private Diary by Daisy, Princess of Pless *(12th printing)*, HUMAN NATURE by William Lyon Phelps *(7th printing)*, 1066 AND ALL THAT by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman *(12th American printing—81st thousand)*, GRAY'S ELEGY, illustrated by John Vassos *(3rd printing)*, and ENGLAND: THE UNKNOWN ISLE by Paul Cohen-Portheim *(4th printing)*.

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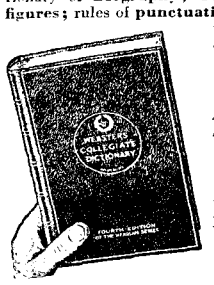

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

J. H. H., Tennessee, is looking for books about the devil in early English Drama, the period not extending beyond the time of Shakespeare; for books on the devil in general; and anything on the influence of demonology on American life and literature, other than the New England phase.

THE most pleasing book about the great adversary that I have read has been lying hidden from most American eyes for near forty years. Arturo Graf's "Il Diavolo," said to be the one "popular" work of this famous savant, has but just appeared in English: "The Story of the Devil" (Macmillan), fortunately in a translation by Edward Stone that carries its characteristic demure humor and reassuring sympathy. For the book is an obituary by one who believed not only that the Devil was dead, but that he had lived; that he had gone back for good into the source from which he sprung, the imagination of man. Thus believing, he writes with humor but without flippancy, a rich record of events in which the world believed. Before this there were two biographies within a year, a learned and observing history of the evolution of Satan, "The Devil," by Garcon and Finchon (Dutton), and a somewhat sketchy "Life of the Devil," by Father Louis Coulange (Knopf), the name being a pseudonym. Then there are the works of Montagu Summers, who translated the unspeakable "Malleus Maleficorum" and transcribed, apparently with a straight face, the surprising stories in "The Vampire" (Dutton), besides being responsible for a "History of Witchcraft" (Knopf).

"Annals of Witchcraft in New England," by S. G. Drake (Goodspeed's), includes witch records from other parts of the United States. Longmans published for the University of Pennsylvania a pamphlet "Witch Persecutions." As the New England phase is covered, this collector has no doubt included Richard Mather's "Remarkable Providences," shorter but even more circumstantial in its supernatural experiences than his son's "Magnalia." There are admirable witches in the "Carolina Folk Plays" (Holt) of which three volumes have come from Professor Koch's celebrated "Carolina Playmakers," in connection with the University of North Carolina; of these "When Witches Ride" and "Trista" are based on genuine folk-beliefs still operative, and are in consequence sufficiently shuddery. Paul Green has also provided the North Carolina stage with some of the most convincing black magic we have.

The medieval stage-devil appears in most of the histories of the stage, such as Donald Clive Stewart's "The Development of Dramatic Art" (Appleton), a work to which I have often occasion to refer, or Sheldon Cheney's huge and entertaining "The Theatre" (Longmans, Green). Ashley Thorndike's "English Comedy" (Macmillan), another valuable reference work, describes Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass" as well as the medieval vice. I should have said offhand that the devil had scarcely gained influence or prestige from the stage, where almost from the first his chief function was to provide comic relief. It remained for other places of public meeting to give him his due.

P. B., Iowa City, Iowa, asks if the Muses Library is still published; "consisting of works of poets chiefly of the seventeenth century. I have seen," he says, "copies here in the University Library with dates as late as 1911; they seem such excellent editions that if possible I'd like to buy some."

These charming volumes are still in print; the American publisher is Dutton, and the price is seventy-five cents a volume. There are seventeenth century poets, but the range is not restricted to these; the list is lovely and so is the general make-up of the books.

F. B., Glen Ellyn, Ill., asks for a book of English grammar, not a rhetoric text, such as is used by college freshmen, but something more advanced, for the use of one who has already covered that ground. The concluding volume of the three-volume "Grammar of the English Language," by Curme and Kurath (Heath), has just been published; this is "Syntax," by George O. Curme. The others are "History of the English Language, Sounds and Spellings, Word-Formation," by Hans Kurath, and "Parts of Speech, Accidence," by George O. Curme. Its value at once is evident; the piquancy of this new volume is heightened by the tremendous number and width of range of its illustrative sentences, where Floyd Dell, Juliana Ewing, "The Spanish Gipsie" of Middleton-Rowley, Browning, Sydney Smith, "Slippy McGee," Poe, Dryden, and the *Christian Science Monitor* appear within two pages. It embodies the author's hope that he has presented the "subject of English expression in such a way that the reader may realize that English grammar is not a body of set, unchangeable rules, but a description of English expression, bequeathed to us by our forefathers not to be piously preserved but to be constantly used and adapted to our needs as they have adapted it to their needs."

Speaking of words, having occasion lately to consult a book by Ernest Weekley in the New York Public Library, I found that all his works had been withdrawn from circulation. Bustling at once to the desk to discover what could have put these pure and precious pages on the Index, I was told that there had been lately such a run on Weekley that to save the lives of his books they had all been temporarily retired. Hooray, I cried, etymology is looking up; my favorite fireside author has come into his own. But they told me it was because prize competitions involving word-making had aroused such furious activity that books thus thumbed last scarce a fortnight *under* the strain. Well, let us hope that some of the commercial enthusiasts in the process came to feel something of the soothing charm of the dictionary.

A. L. C., Butte, Montana, who asked for books on Scottish folklore, has had further advice from two sources. *S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass.,* tells him to read Walter Scott's notes to his poems, using of course a complete edition and not one which omits part of the notes. "A man of good taste has declared that the notes are more interesting than the poems. That depends on what you like." *K. F., Lansing, Mich.,* suggests Robert Chambers's "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," which has superstitions and customs; Robert Ford's "Thistledown," a book of Scottish humor, folklore and so on; Keith Clark's "The Spell of Scotland"; G. R. Blake's "Scotland of the Scots"; Clifton Johnson's "Land of Heather," and W. L. Manson's "The Highland Bagpipe," a book about its history, literature, and traditions.

One by one my girlhood dreams come true. I always wanted to get a good look at the Police Gazette, but in my day this was on view only in saloons and barber shops, and by the time ladies had been made free of these the P. G. had gone out of business. Now the house of Stokes, hearing of this gap in my cultural equipment, has given me the large and buxom "Sins of America," compiled by Mr. Van Every from the pages of the P. G., half the book even in the original pink pages. Somehow I missed last year his "Sins of New York," perhaps happily, as I now began with the Sickles-Key murder case, for which Mr. Van Every removes the high hat through which contemporary historians are wont to talk about the middle-distance past, and treats this affair in something the grand manner it deserves.

O. M., New York, needs information on the "far-reaching effect of movies." The art of films, as now developed in every picture-making country, is described, analyzed, and criticized in Rotha's "The Film Today" (Cape-Smith) with a great many fine stills. I found out more from it than from any other movie book.

Another note for foreign travellers: *I. S., Madison, Wis.,* tells the inquirer going to Italy that if she will always carry the "English-Italian Conversational Dictionary, with grammatical appendix," published by Altemus, Philadelphia, she will bless your name. It is really pocketable, accurate, intelligently planned."

(*Continued on page* 384)

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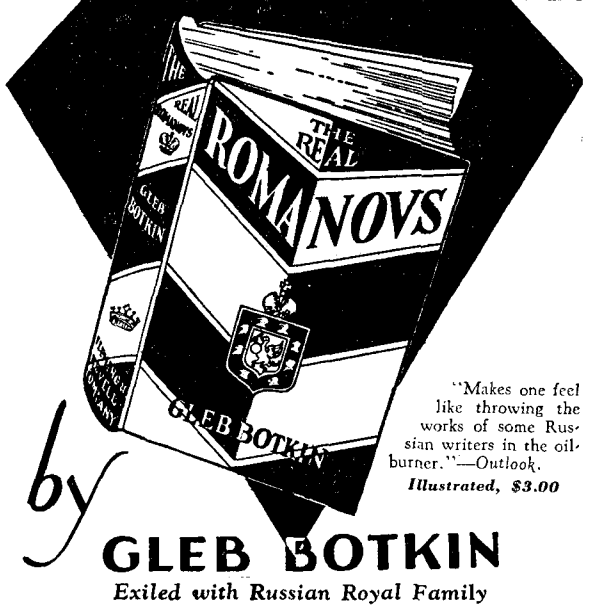

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—*Professor Earle F. Palmer*

There is no feeble glow of the true light in these poems.
—*Irving Bacheller*

A deep, spiritual note, in the broadest sense . . . a philosophical quality that makes for strength . . . sprightliness, humor and even something of the unconventional . . . unusual touches.
—*The Boston Transcript*

A welcome collection in this neurotic era of versified contortionings . . . dynamic, colorful . . . a poignant terseness that gives dramatic intensity. —*Oregon Journal*

A book of poems, so variant in style and mood, that it comes like a refreshing breeze through a world of solemn poets and poetic misery . . . amazing technical accuracy and facility . . . at times mystical, but never vague or obtuse. . . If you are a lover of poetry, of rhythm and rhyme, you will like this book.
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Fanny Butcher,
Chicago Tribune

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Books for Christmas

(*Continued from page* 380)

books that should be particularly welcome in "The Life of Ibsen" (Norton), by Halvdan Koht, and "William Archer" (Yale University Press), by Charles Archer. (It's possible, oh, it's just probable, that the youngest generation won't even know why we link Ibsen and Archer together.) For any one at all who is interested in the theatre there's "Our Changing Theatre" (Dial), by R. Dana Skinner, and for those to whom the drama appeals not only in its acted form but as literature there's Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" (Liveright) which is nightly holding New York audiences enthralled through five hours of unadulterated horror. If you are looking for more biography there's a life of Fannie Kemble (Minton, Balch), by Dorothy Bobbé, and if you want plays themselves you can find them in "The Best Plays of 1930-31" (Dodd, Mead), edited by Burns Mantle. And now again, but this time with the conviction of righteousness, we've got around to novels, for there are two that are preëminently fitted to be sent to the person with love for the theatre, one Clemence Dane's long and masterly tale of several generations of an English stage family, entitled "Broome Stages" (Doubleday, Doran), and the other Margaret Kennedy's "Return I Dare Not" (Doubleday, Doran), the story of a playwright who ran away from his popularity to save his soul, a book which keeps Noel Coward busy denying that he is the original of its hero. Just by way of good measure we add to the novels for your theatrically minded friend Schnitzler's "Flight into Darkness" (Simon & Schuster), published almost at the moment of his death, and which, though it has no bearing on the theatre, should be of interest to those who follow it as the work of the foremost dramatist of contemporary Austria.

From the buskin we turn to the cloth. There's both fiction and non-fiction in the current list that should serve as appropriate gifts for your clergyman, or friend with religious interests. And since we regard him as a gentleman of cultural tastes, whose professional reading doubtless keeps him abreast of the newest publications in the specifically religious field, we have selected for him such books as we think would pleasantly engage his leisure while still falling in with his thoughtful habit of mind. We think he might very heartily welcome Jefferson Butler Fletcher's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" (Macmillan), which Professor Grandgent says is the best English version of the great poem which he has ever seen, and, since the more he knows of his country the better he is able to understand his parishioners, he will probably read with interest such books as Robert P. Tristram Coffin's "Portrait of an American" (Macmillan) and Frederick J. Stimson's "My United States" (Scribners). Then, more directly in his field is Hilaire Belloc's "Cranmer" (Lippincott). As for fiction there are several books that should make appeal: Sheila Kaye-Smith's fine story of a woman revivalist, "Susan Spray" (Harpers), George Baker's "Ebenezer Walks with God" (Macmillan), and John Rathbone Oliver's story of a minister, "Article Thirty-Two" (Macmillan).

All this time we've been restraining our impatience to prescribe books for your politically-minded friend whose interest is in the recent past and in present conditions, for there are a number of volumes that should particularly delight him. (We wish we could form the habit of thinking before we write. And we wish the typewriter weren't what it is, but had some adjustment for blotting out automatically an ill-considered passage. Now we've gone and done it again, made an arbitrary category we mean, and then discovered that the book we wanted to introduce it with was just as assignable to another classification. But we must get Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen out of this parenthesis before we get him into it, if you will pardon such a Gilbertian paradox.)

Mr. Allen is the author of one of the most fascinating books of the season, a retrospect of the 1920's entitled "Only Yesterday" (Harpers), a book "so full of a number of things" that it is next to impossible to lay it aside once it has been begun. Curious that the so recent past can take on so much liveliness and vigor as Mr. Allen has given it by the judicious selection of incident and allusion, an unfailing sense of the significant and revealing, and an ability to knit scattered detail into an orderly and expressive pattern. Mr. Allen's research is equalled by his dexterity, and his dexterity is given weight by an underlying seriousness. So now you see why we think Mr. Allen's book would be a happy selection for others of your friends beside the specifically political minded ones. But to get back to them. Surely any one of them would rejoice to get Volumes III and IV of Ray Stanard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters" (Doubleday, Doran), or Henry F. Pringle's "Theodore Roosevelt" (Harcourt, Brace), an excellent and discriminating life of the dynamic President, or William Gibbs McAdoo's "Crowded Years" (Houghton Mifflin), an autobiography which embraces persons and events of large importance, or, to turn from domestic annals to foreign, "My Northcliffe Diary" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Tom Clarke, Harley F. MacNair's "China in Revolution" (University of Chicago Press) or Henry Bond Restarick's "Sun Yat Sen" (Yale University Press). Or again, there's a life of Boies Penrose called "Power and Glory" (Putnam), by Walter Davenport, and Morris Ernst's "American Primer" (Putnam), L. Langner's "European Alliances and Alignments" (Knopf), Carlo Sforza's "European Dictatorships" (Brentanos), and André Maurois's "Lyautey" (Appleton), the biography of a French territorial administrator. Oh, and we nearly forgot a very interesting book, Stuart Chase's "Mexico" (Macmillan).

So there's your friend who is particularly interested in contemporary, or very recent, affairs provided for. Now for him who would rather read of events in a slightly more distant background, yet within his own recollection. You can choose for him from among biographies of several presidents, George P. Baker's "James A. Garfield" (Dodd, Mead), Denis Tilden Lynch's "Grover Cleveland" (Liveright), Franklin Nichols's "Franklin Pierce" (University of Pennsylvania Press), or, by way of contrast, you can send him "Living My Life" (Knopf), by Emma Goldman, or, if he prefers to read of the European scene, the second volume of "The Memories of Prince von Bülow" (Little, Brown), which has just appeared, and which carries the Chancellor's chronicle from the Morocco episode to the resignation; or the Life of Lord Rosebery (Harpers), by Lord Crewe, which contains a large number of letters of political import.

Another historically inclined friend off your docket, but there still remains the one who likes to go back into a past beyond his own experience. If America is his hobby then choose for him from among such works as "The Fatal River: The Life and Death of La Salle" (Holt), by Frances Gaither, and to present another portrayal of that explorer you might send along M. Constantin-Weyer's "The French Adventure: The Life and Exploits of La Salle" (Macaulay), Bernard Fay's "George Washington" (Houghton Mifflin), a study of the first President as aristocrat, and James Truslow Adams's "The Epic of America" (Little, Brown), a history of America from earliest times to the present as interesting as it is informative. If Europe, on the other hand, attracts him more send him "King Charles the Second" (Longmans, Green), by M. M. Bryant, or "Sir Walter Raleigh" (Day), by Donald Barr Chidsey, or "Lord Hervey's Memoirs" (Viking), memoirs of the court of George II now first issued complete. And bestow on him, of course, Philip Guedalla's "Wellington" (Harpers).

Mr. Guedalla, as usual, writes with unfailing animation, and his biography, which prefaces its chronicle with the statement that the Duke continues to be worthy of all attention even when Waterloo lies behind him, is one which should appeal to readers of all sorts. Certainly you should send it to some one of your acquaintance who selects his reading from among the annals of military events and figures. For such a one, too, you will find a gift to be welcomed in Frederick Palmer's "Newton D. Baker: America at War" (Dodd, Mead), a volume, indeed, that would please any student of national affairs, Hermann Hagedorn's "Leonard Wood" (Harpers), Joseph Hergesheimer's "Sheridan" (Houghton Mifflin), and Win-

(*Continued on page* 384)

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A LESSON IN HERALDRY

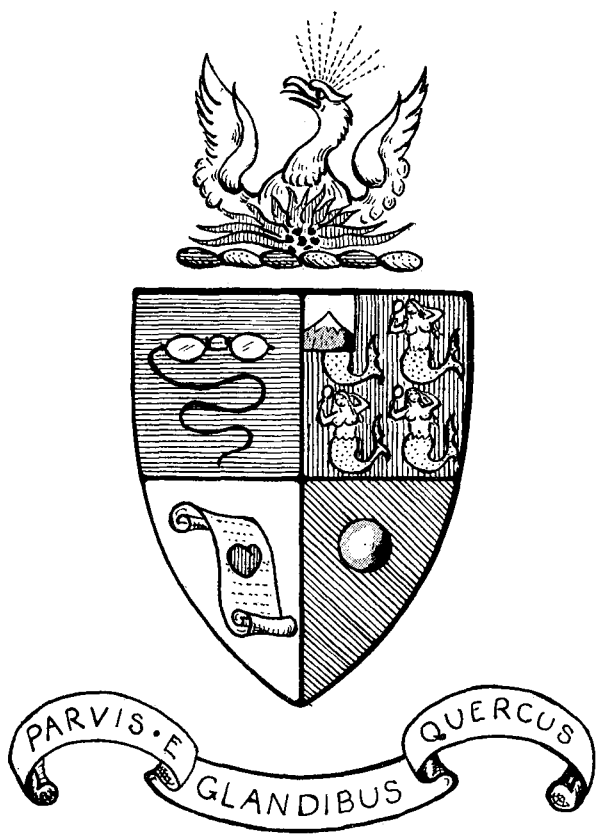
(De Te Fabula Narratur)

OUR favorite iconographer has beguiled the Christmas season by designing a coat of arms for **The Saturday Review.** The original painting in all its bright colors adorns our office; here we can only show it in black-and-white, but accurately "tricked," viz. the colors are indicated by hatchings in correct heraldic convention.

Mr. William Stanley Hall, Rouge Dragon of Lexington Avenue, expounds the symbolism as follows. The crest is our special emblem the Phœnix, that fabulous fowl ("with glorious anguish gilt," as some poem says) so appropriate for a magazine whose every issue must rise and flap its pages from the still glowing embers of the previous one. The inflammable bird is crowned with radiant dotted lines—also symbolic of the publishing business. More of these at the foot of this page.

The arms are quartered thus. First, azure, a pair of pince-nez **proper.** Azure, says Herald Hall, symbolizes Yale College, spiritual alma mater of much that is best in our little journal. The pince-nez, with their curly ribbon, may be taken to indicate the clear perspective of The Editor.

The second quarter is gules, the color of all Business Departments nowadays. On this quarter see our 3½ fiscal mermaids, **or** (pure Gold Standard). Do we need to remind you that these legal tender mermaids typify the 3½ dollars of a year's subscription? Crisp little mermaids, blithe with invitation. The young women of our Business Department, mermaids themselves, specially love that passage in **Antony & Cleopatra** which they find so appropriate—"At the helm a seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands



Devised by W. S. Hall
Pursuivant at Arms

that yarely frame the office." And on a "canton" this financial quartering shows a mountain **Proper:** symbol, we must suppose, of the upward climb of aspiration; far vision; the ideal goal; the Grammarian's Funeral.

Third quarter, argent. On a proof-read scroll a humane heart proper. Yes, this is the kindly spirit of the Critical Staff: busy with the bedevilled biznai of editing, but "who listens closely to the printed word may hear the heart behind."

The fourth quarter is vert, as it should be, for it represents the turf of a Bowling Green, with the **lignum vitæ** ball ready for play.

The motto, our Latinists have no trouble to construe. One of our advertising writers has adapted it for his nom de plume; but of course it really means that oak trees grow from little acorns.

DE TE FABULA NARRATUR

There is now just comfortable time to send **The Saturday Review** as a Christmas or New Year gift to some friend who would find surprising refreshment and wisdom in a soberly critical magazine that also has flashes of essential fire. It is edited for those who have time to read and like to accompany their reading with a little thinking. "Those flower-soft hands that yarely frame the office" are nimble to speed your Gift Subscription on its way. Here they are:—

Dept. P. E. G. Q., Saturday Review
25 West 45 Street, New York City

OLD QUERCUS: Your engagingly oblique insinuations have broken me down. My Christmas greeting to all 4 quarters of your shield; tell the flower-soft hands (!) to send the S. R. L. to the following beneficiaries. I enclose 3½ fiscal mermaids ($3.50 in **or**) for each subscription, **UNLESS** I fill out all four coupons. In that case, I send you only $3 each. Oh well, while we're about it. . . .

NAME.....	NAME.....	NAME.....	NAME.....
STREET.....	STREET.....	STREET.....	STREET.....
CITY.....	CITY.....	CITY.....	CITY.....
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Books for Christmas

(*Continued from page* 382)

ston Spencer Churchill's "The Unknown War" (Scribners), an account of battle on the Eastern Front.

But enough. Not to, but from, "war and arms I fly," yet "This inconstancy is such, As thou, too, shalt adore," for now, after many a detour, we approach fiction again. And fiction, we are sure, will solve many of your problems for you. As a matter of fact, not all the fiction we intend to mention before we get through is to follow in this paragraph, for some novels we have culled from the mass and tucked into categories where they seem to fall happily in line with special groups of readers. In the main, however, here are novels that should appeal to all tastes. We must be brief in listing them, for time and space press. But then we hardly need do more than enumerate such books as John Galsworthy's "Maid-in-Waiting" (Scribners), Virginia Woolf's "The Waves" (Harcourt, Brace)—don't give that book to the most unintellectual friend you have—, Mazo de la Roche's "Finch's Fortune" (Little, Brown), the latest of the "Jalna" succession, E. M. Delafield's "The Diary of a Provincial Lady" (Harpers), Henri Fauconnier's "Malaisie" (Macmillan), a Conradian story of white men in the jungle, W. Somerset Maugham's deft short stories, "First Person Singular" (Doubleday, Doran), Alice Duer Miller's novel in verse, "Forsaking All Others" (Simon & Schuster), A. A. Milne's gay "Two People" (Dutton), Louise Redfield Peattie's delicate and tender "Pan's Parish" (Century), Evelyn Scott's impressive study of the effect of a disastrous love upon several generations of a family, entitled "The Calendar of Sin" (Cape-Smith), R. E. Spencer's "The Lady Who Came to Stay" (Knopf), wherein the spirit of a woman is not interred with her bones; Hugh Walpole's "Judith Paris" (Doubleday, Doran), and Thames Williamson's pathetic and moving "In Krusack's House" (Harcourt Brace), the story of an inarticulate, blundering, but tender-hearted laboring man. In very decency we must pause for a moment, and at least allow a sentence to break into our enumeration. But space will no more accommodate itself to man than time, and both force us on. We resume: "Sand in My Shoes" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), by Katherine Ripley; "Friends and Relations" (Dial), by Elizabeth Bowen; "The European Caravan" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), edited by Samuel Putnam, and containing examples of modern European writing, "Mr. Fothergill's Plot," the first new work of fiction to be published by the Oxford University Press, and an ingenious book it is, with thirteen noted English authors contributing their developments of an identical plot; "Unfinished Business" (Bobbs-Merrill), by John Erskine; "The Greek" (Boni), by Tiffany Thayer; "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd, Mead), by May Lamberton Becker, a well-selected anthology by our own Reader's Guide; "Thirteen Men in the Mine" (Macmillan), by Pierre Hubermont, a brief and tense volume, and "Precious Porcelain" (Putnam), by Neil Bell.

And where in this enumeration is Willa Cather's popular "Shadows on the Rock" (Knopf), you may ask? That, since it is so charming a presentation of old Quebec, is in the list of books we've compiled for you to send to friends whose taste is for history in fiction form. Other volumes we've put into its category are Dagmar Doneghy's "The Border" (Morrow), a story of Civil War days, Oliver La Farge's "Sparks Fly Upward" (Houghton Mifflin), so able a depiction of revolution in Central America that though it is not history it is typical enough to be so; Naomi Mitchison's "The Corn King and the Spring Queen" (Harcourt, Brace), and, just to add a spice of gaiety to your gifts, "1066 and All That" (Dutton), by R. J. Yeat and W. C. Sellar, humorous misinterpretations of history. If your friend is from the South you might give him Caroline Gordon's "Penhally" (Scribners) or Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "A Buried Treasure" (Viking). Incidentally, though it isn't fiction, you might send along the life of that beloved Southern writer, Joel Chandler Harris, edited by Julia Collier Harris (University of North Carolina Press).

We progress, slowly, but still we progress, and now we have advanced from Dixieland to Russia. Here's a list of books to draw upon for a friend who would know more of the Soviet state, past and present: "Maxim Gorky and His Russia" (Cape-Smith), by Alexander Kaun; "History of Russia" (International), by M. N. Pokrosky; "Russia—My Home" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Emma Cochran Ponfadine; "The Real Romanovs" (Revell), by Gleb Botkin, and General P. N. Krassnoff's novel, "Napoleon and the Cossacks" (Duffield & Green).

And now space calls a halt and we must stop until next week.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 381)

W. C. D., Norfolk, Va , is going to travel in the Southwest and needs two or three books to read beforehand.

THERE is a small handbook, "Finding the Worthwhile in the Southwest," by C. F. Saunders (McBride), which will be time- and money-saving in planning a trip, and may be taken along as a guidebook. Of the larger works three are especially good for pictures as well as text: "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo," by C. R. Lummis (Century), a newer form of book long popular; "Our Hispanic Southwest," by Ernest Peixotto (Scribner); and "Under Turquoise Skies" (Morrow) is the latest book offered as companion for such a trip; it takes in not only Arizona and New Mexico, but a great part of the West as well, and its combination of practical travel-advice and swinging picturesque style makes it well worth owning. Mary Austin's "Land of Journey's Ending" (Century) has been for several years a standard work on this part of the world; now her novel, "Starry Adventure" (Houghton) centers at Santa Fé and is pervaded by the spirit of its unique cultural activity.

H. *R. P., Dorset, Vt., needs guide-books or other travel-information in preparation for a trip to Rhodes, Cyprus and Crete.* All three are described in some detail in Paul Wilstach's "Islands of the Mediterranean" (Bobbs), as well as the other islands. *H. D., La Crosse, Wis., needs three outstanding books on present-day Russia.* The best one I know for getting a wide-range idea of history and present-day results of history is the new edition, just published, of Chamberlin's "Soviet Russia" (Little, Brown); the first edition came out but a short time ago, but events have taken place so rapidly that the book has been enlarged and revised to bring it even with the year. One must surely have for the next book "New Russia's Primer," by I. I. Marshak (Ilin), published by Houghton Mifflin; for the third book, choosing somewhat desperately among several that I would like to take, I nominate Maurice Hindus's "Red Bread" (Cape), because it considers the feature of the new program on which I am especially anxious to get information, the agricultural situation. *M. C. M., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, asks where to get other plays by Augier in French besides "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," which she has.* In the volume of Nelson's French Classics which contains Augier's most famous play, several of his other comedies are included. This series costs sixty cents a volume. *S. E., St. Louis, Mo., asks if we have any books in English besides those of Washington Irving that relate in prose the legends of old Spain.* Two volumes are of unusual interest and value: both are for younger readers, both are the result of careful research. "The Tale of the Warrior Lord" (Longmans) is a direct translation of the ancient Spanish original into modern prose, by Dr. Merriam Sherwood; it describes the later life of the Cid. "Castles in Spain," by Bertha Gunterman (Longmans) is a collection of stories taken from ancient romance and popular tradition; it has been so well liked that it has become a permanent favorite.

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Goodhue's Designs

BOOK DECORATIONS BY BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE. New York: The Grolier Club. 1931.

LOOKED back on from the superior and enlightened eminence of the 1930s, that little group of Kimball, Roberts, Carman, Stone, and Goodhue, who sat around the table in the Holly Tree Coffee rooms in Cambridge of a May evening in 1894, while they waited for the first press sheet of the *Chap Book*, belong with old times; artistically, they had, perhaps, not so very much to offer; but they had all the zest of that "revival" of printing which Morris had ushered in. Of the group, Goodhue made the highest score in later life, and because his greatest building is on the Nebraska plains, it will not be torn down in ten years but left for many decades as a monument. No other American architect has done so much designing for the printing press; and I cannot help feeling that the qualities which made him an exceptional designer of printing patterns were of the essence of his success as an architect.

Mr. Ingalls Kimball of the Cheltenham Press, and unforgettably of the *Chap Book* and of Stone & Kimball, has gathered many of Goodhue's designs for borders, initial letters, bookplates, printers' marks, etc., into a volume which has just been issued by the Grolier Club. It is most unfortunate that little or no editorial work was done on the illustrations, for it would be interesting and valuable to know when and where these designs were used. There is, for instance, the title page to *The Knight Errant*—why could not a few lines have told of that slightly grandiose and solemn quarterly which mercifully died on its second birthday, leaving four thin numbers full of enthusiastic if somewhat incoherent idealism? There are some of Goodhue's first-class designs for Copeland & Day's press mark—it is even worth space in the *Saturday Review* to quote Bliss Carman's verse on the press mark (perhaps the only one ever so honored):

The northern muse looked up
Into the ancient tree
Where hang the seven olives
And twine the roses three.
I heard like the eternal
Susurrus of the sea,
Her Scire quod sciendum
Da mihi Domine!

And it isn't clear (unless one happens to know) that the C and D stand for Copeland & Day. Probably no one could have done the notes for these pictures better than Mr. Kimball. I wish he had felt inclined to gossip more in detail.

There is a Gothic luxuriousness about these designs which is as foreign to our present mood as it was inevitable in the '90s, but Goodhue's competence as a designer stands out on every page. His drawings were vigorous and original—they had the breath of life in them. His type, especially his Merrymount font for Mr. Updike, was not archæological. The Cheltenham font was pretty well spoiled in the making, for his designs as shown here are superior to the final letters. But what a vogue that type had! As late as three years ago one of the French foundries proudly exhibited to an American visitor as a great feat of type designing the proofs of a Cheltenham font which it had just cut! It was introduced to the printing world by the linotype company in 1900 and found its way into nearly every printing office in the world.

The printing of the designs has been extremely well done by Rudge. There is an introduction by Mr. Kimball.

R.

Siege of Havana

THE SIEGE OF HAVANA, 1762. By FRANCIS RUSSELL HART. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $4.

HOW excellent a book may be which is printed from quite conventional mid-Victorian type is evident in this thin octavo. The type is readable in the extreme, the paper has a perfectly normal surface, and there is just enough design to title page and text pages to be pleasing without ostentation. The book has the qualities of sanity which made the Riverside Press so well known for so many years.

There are numerous reproductions in heliotype, and a map. Six hundred and seventy-five copies have been printed.

Printing In China

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA and Its Spread Westward. By THOMAS FRANCIS CARTER. New York: Columbia University Press. 1931. $5.

THIS is a second printing of the late Professor Carter's important work on Chinese printing which was first brought out in 1925. The present book is called a "revised edition," but inasmuch as the revisions consist of the rewriting of a portion of a paragraph and the addition of seven titles to the bibliography, it seems fairer to speak of it as a reprinting.

The principal interest in the reprint is in the biographical preface contributed by Carter's wife. The book remains one of the few scholarly works which America has contributed to the history of printing, and an important historical treatise on a subject not hitherto well covered. The new printing is slightly smaller as to paper than the first, and might have been improved by trimming the edges. It is an essential in any printer's library. R.

Other Than They Seem

AN occasional enthusiastic cataloguer will interpret the designation "association book" with a liberality which clearly was not intended by the happy originator of the term. An association book may broadly be defined as a book endowed with some physical manifestation of a notable proprietorship, which manifestation is as definite and tangible a part of the book as the title page or the binding threads. Generally it takes the form of a written inscription (an inscription indicating ownership or a transfer of ownership;) less often the association is proved by an identifying binding or, not so satisfactorily, by the presence of a bookplate. But a book accompanied by an autograph letter of the author, or a signed photograph, or a check (invariably cancelled), or even a sheet of manuscript, is definitely not an association book—not, at any rate, on that account. Neither does the pasting in, or "laying down" (to use the elegant variant of the cataloguer), of any of these mementoes on flyleaf or inside front cover, nor even the immuration of a lock of the author's hair within a specially constructed glass-covered gadget built into the binding, elevate a book to the high eminence of associationship. The book-trade is not helped by such an occasional flagrant misuse of a term which possesses a clear and unequivocal significance to bookseller and collector alike.

J. T. W.

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. . . . good eyes to see, a good head to observe, and a good camera to record: MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, *who has just returned from Russia, and whose book of pictures and prose,* EYES ON RUSSIA, *has just appeared*

When MISS MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE returned from her first Russian trip, a year and a half ago, she found that her photographs of the Five Year Plan in action had attained an almost legendary fame. Scholars and labor leaders, bankers and coal-miners, artists and engineers showered her with praise —and always asked the same question: *"Well, how are they getting along over there?"*

At first she compressed her answer into ten words:

Little food
No shoes
Terrible inefficiency
Steady progress
Great hope

But this laconic triumph did not satisfy the growing legion of Bourke-White enthusiasts. Her industrial photographs appeared in *Fortune*, and her fame grew by leaps and bounds. A book was inevitable, and it has just been published, under the title, *Eyes on Russia*, with an introduction by MAURICE HINDUS.

The grandeur and consummate fidelity of Miss Bourke-White's photographs will not surprise her followers —they will be amazed to discover, however, that her narrative and descriptive prose is worthy of the fabulous pictures. Humanity uprooted becomes a living reality. Here is a first hand document of rare historical and dramatic importance—*Eyes on Russia.*

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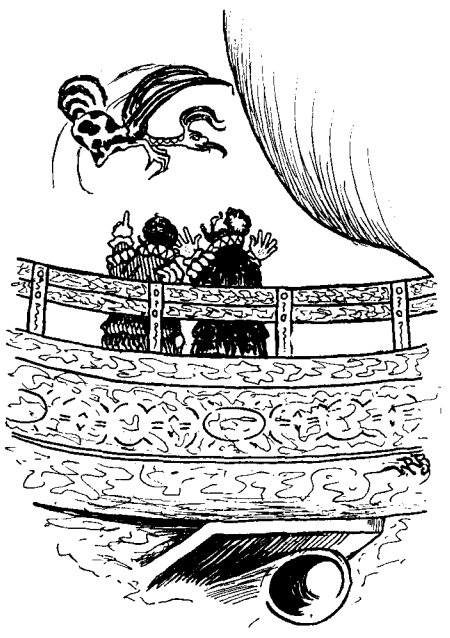

TODAY we present you with a picture we have drawn of a sixteenth century phenomenon — namely, *The Wadippus Bird.* Young & McCallister, the Southwest Lithograph Company of Los Angeles have put into our hands the tiniest of brochures which begins as follows:

> Baldus, in his *Voyages* (1563), relates: "and on Sanct Swithen's Eve did we witness a moste extra ordinary sight, to witt: a large Birde that did fly backward, with rounde rumpe fore and outstretched necke afte, not seeminge to knowe a damne where he was going but onlie look'd backe at whence hee came. A moste silly proceeding withal, whiche dyd so remind us of the conduct of one of oure crewe, one Wadippus (a man of Dover), that we did name the Birde after him."

This extract the lithographers take as a text from which to preach a brief sermon on what attitude *not* to assume in the business world today and in the presence of the Depression. And it is perfectly true that nothing can be accomplished with tail-feathers to the front. No one can be a prophet, but let us keep our heads for-'ard! . . .

Once in the autograph album of *Chukovsky*, poet, critic, and author of "Crocodile" (Lippincott), *Babette Deutsch* wrote the following lines:

> *And yet 'tis done—I say with joy:*
> *Ch—*
> *armed I am sure, Yours—Babette Deutsch.*

But she little realized at the time that she was going to translate into English rhyme that best-selling Russian juvenile which she has since so cleverly put into our own tongue, "Crocodile." . . .

Dan W. Williams of Jackson, Ohio, wrote long since of *Smith's* famous poem "Evolution," concerning which we recently roused some comment. His friend *Lloyd Sears* recited it to him on a lofty hill-crest overlooking a pre-glacial valley. Williams reminds us that there is a large, untabulated rural reading public whose taste cannot be judged by book sales in a given district, and he also reminds us of one of our favorite stories of the prophet and his own home town. As it won't take up much room, let Mr. Williams tell it again:

> A western Congressman returned to his Yankee home after entering upon his duties at Washington, but the hack-driver, an old school-mate, merely howdied at the station. On the way up to the old village home, the Congressman could contain himself no longer, and asked, "What did the people say, when they saw that I was elected to Congress?" The hack-driver spat, and replied, "They jest laughed."

Which teaches us city fellers not to get too perky about being literary arbiters for the nation! . . .

Lola Ridge, the author of that poem of genius, "Firehead," published some time ago by Brewer, Warren & Putnam, is on her way to Beirut, and is planning to go thence to Bagdad. Recently she wrote her publishers from Marseilles, "Have taken passage for Beirut. So far, although I've paid deposits on carfare to Bagdad, I'm only sure of Beirut. It's a gambler's life—and so far I fit in it." *Genevieve Taggard*, another of our leading poets, is at present living on the island of Mallorca with her sister and her small daughter. She reports that they pay fifteen dollars a month for part of a Spanish farm house, fronting a wide low bay,—and that good red wine is five cents a litre. . . .

The Union Square Bookshop tells us that in the Brooklyn Directory for 1849 and '50 *Walt Whitman's* name is given with his address, and his occupation listed as "carpenter." Well, the great beams that he matched still uphold the roof of the temple of American poetry! . . .

This tale is told of *Oliver Herford*, that he would often approach his friends with the suggestion that he put them up for the Farragut Club. The friends would think it very nice until some weeks later, when Oliver looked them up to say, "Sorry, old man, but you were blackballed for the Farragut Club." As this happened to most of Herford's extensive acquaintance they finally ran to earth the truth, that the Farragut had only one member, and that its meetings were all held hard by the Farragut monument, under which Oliver Herford sat happily smiling and blackballing his friends. . . .

Clemence Dane, whose real name is *Winifred Ashton*, spent her early twenties touring England with travelling theatrical companies. Her inspiration for "Broome Stages," a novel of seven generations of a theatrical family, was found in the lives of the Plantagenet kings, and not in that of any stage family. As her interest in the Plantagenets grew, someone suggested that she could write about them if she made them actors; for the great families of the stage are the last dynasties to exercise divine right. Miss Dane therefore moved the time up a century or so and cleverly changed the name of her heroes to Broome, because Plantagenet was first given as a nickname to Geoffrey of Anjou for wearing a sprig of broom (genet) in his cap. . . .

Someone has blundered! In publicity concerning *Edgar White Burrill*, who conducts Literary Vespers of Sunday afternoons at the Town Hall, he is referred to as "author of the charming play of Shakespeare's time, 'Master Skylark' (Century Company), still acclaimed as the finest presentation of Elizabethan England now on the stage," and not a word of mention is given to *John Bennett*, the actual and original author of the story. "Master Skylark" which first delighted us in *St. Nicholas*, was published by the Century Company in book form, and has found its way into thousands and thousands of youngsters' hearts, being truly an extraordinary representation of the times and a book that adults also richly enjoy. . . .

We are requested to inform you that *Jacob Hoptner* is collecting the unpublished papers of *James G. Huneker*. All clues, comments, and criticism by our readers would be much appreciated if they would write to J. B. Hoptner, 5714 Malverne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. . . .

Ford Madox Ford has got into hot water over the publication in England of his "Return to Yesterday," since in one section Ford quotes King George as threatening to abdicate the throne. The speech was immediately denied by an anonymous official at the palace, and subsequently the King asked Ford's English publishers to excise the speech from the book. And immediately after that the Lord Chamberlain had the book withdrawn. Liveright is publishing the book over here on the fourteenth of this month with, of course, the text that caused the book's suppression in England. . . .

On the eve of going to press we are profoundly shocked by the news of the death of *Vachel Lindsay*, one of the most outstanding figures in the poetry of our time His was a gloriously original contribution and one assured, in its best instances, of permanence. His invigorating influence will long continue to be felt; and the Phœnician, as an old admirer of Lindsay both as man and as poet, herewith tenders his deepest sympathy to Lindsay's immediate family. A great man has gone.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Christmas is coming, as it has a way of doing, before one knows. So that you may not be taken unawares the Oxonian here and now presents his compliments and his Christmas greetings, together with a few highly reliable recommendations for your Christmas shopping.

First of all there is your Christmas card. The one we have chosen reproduces the illuminated initial of the twenty-sixth psalm, the first three words of which, as you observe, are the motto of the University of Oxford and its Press. It is from the Psalter of King Henry VI in the British Museum, and shows that sovereign supported by Saint Louis and kneeling before the Virgin and Child. (We have, by the way, just been reading about the results of Henry's weakness as a king in *The Evolution of England*,[1] by J. A. Williamson, a book which is rapidly being recognized as the equal of Trevelyan.) You can buy beautiful Christmas cards reproducing other illustrations from old manuscripts at the library of the Oxford Press.[2] A still better Christmas greeting is the charming little *Oxford Book of Carols* in the miniature edition.[3]

And then there are the *Oxford Books of Verse*.[4] Don't forget that even if everyone you know already has the *Oxford Book of English Verse*—if not, remedy this at once—the series includes books of verse chosen from various periods of English Poetry—18th Century, Victorian, etc.—and anthologies in every principal European language, including Latin, Greek, and Russian. The bindings, too, are in all styles and prices to suit every taste and purse.

We cannot begin to mention all the old and standard works[5] in the Oxford catalogue from which to choose your Christmas presents. Here are some of the newer titles:

The Great Physician.[6] A Life of Sir William Osler, by Edith Gittings Reid, " a gift book in a thousand for young doctors." (*New York Evening Post.*)

Shakespeare and That Crush,[7] by Richard Dark, with hilarious pictures by Thomas Derrick, and racy discourses of authors from the "Voluble" Bede to Wordsworth.

Mr. Fothergill's Plot,[8] which, as the SATURDAY REVIEW told you week before last, contains "eighteen remarkably good short stories" by eighteen celebrated authors on the same plot. "The first work of fiction from the Oxford University Press presents both a new idea and an imposing list of authors." It is just what we had been looking for for the fair Egeria who prefers fiction, but already has all the latest novels.

Domestic Silver of Great Britain and Ireland,[9] by Edward Wenham, the former editor of *The Antiquarian* and of *Arts and Decoration Quarterly*, gives the history of a fascinating subject, illustrated by nearly 100 fine plates reproducing nearly 300 pieces, many from private collections. It also describes all the principal hall marks and gives a list of prices paid at auctions for the last two years. The binding is one of the most beautiful we ever saw. We are giving it to our friend the collector.

The Letters of Robert Burns,[10] edited by J. De Lancey Ferguson, "must take its place as the finest library edition of one of the best collections of letters in English literature." (*The Book Review.*)

We have no more space, but fortunately, the Oxford Press has come to our rescue by printing a special small catalogue of Christmas suggestions, which they will send you on request. And don't forget the delightful Oxford Books for Boys and Girls.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $5.00; (2) 114 Fifth Avenue; (3) 65c. Red lambskin, boxed, $1.00; large format $2.00. With music $2.50; (4) $3.75. India paper $4.25. Also various fine bindings; (5) *Oxford Standard Authors*, $1.50 each. Send for complete list. (6) $3.50; (7) $1.50; (8) $2.50; (9) $10.00. (10) 2 vols. $10.00.

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CENTURY

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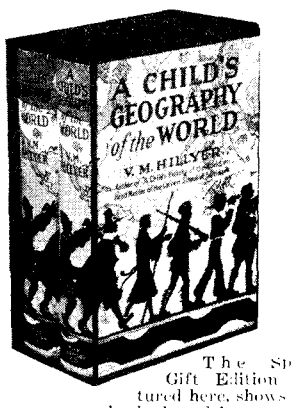

The Special Gift Edition pictured here, shows both books boxed in an attractive slip case printed in gay colors. Holiday price $6.00 until Christmas. *Also recommended is his new book*—THE DARK SECRET. Price $2.50

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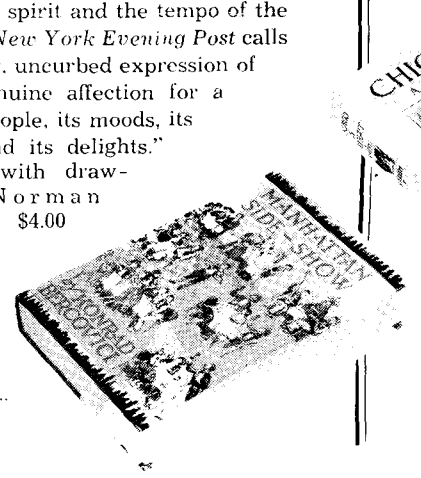

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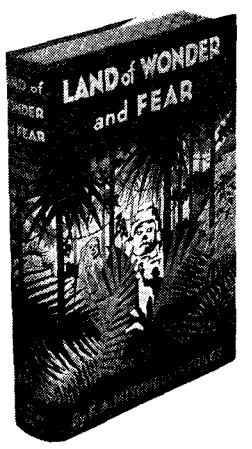

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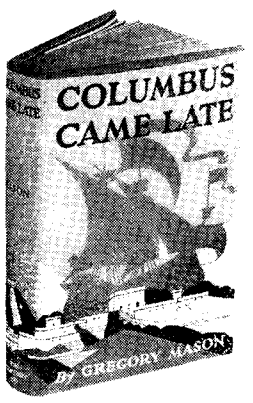

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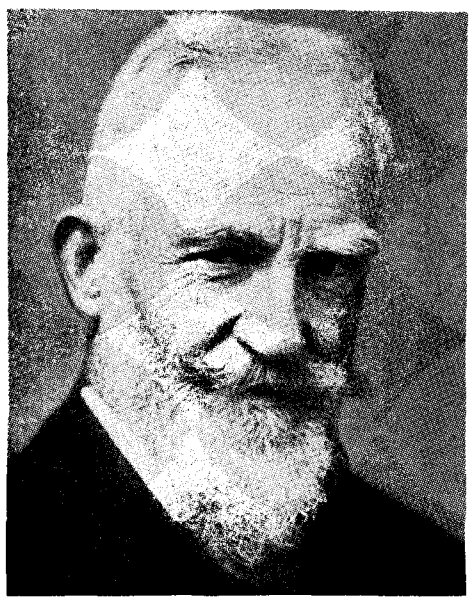
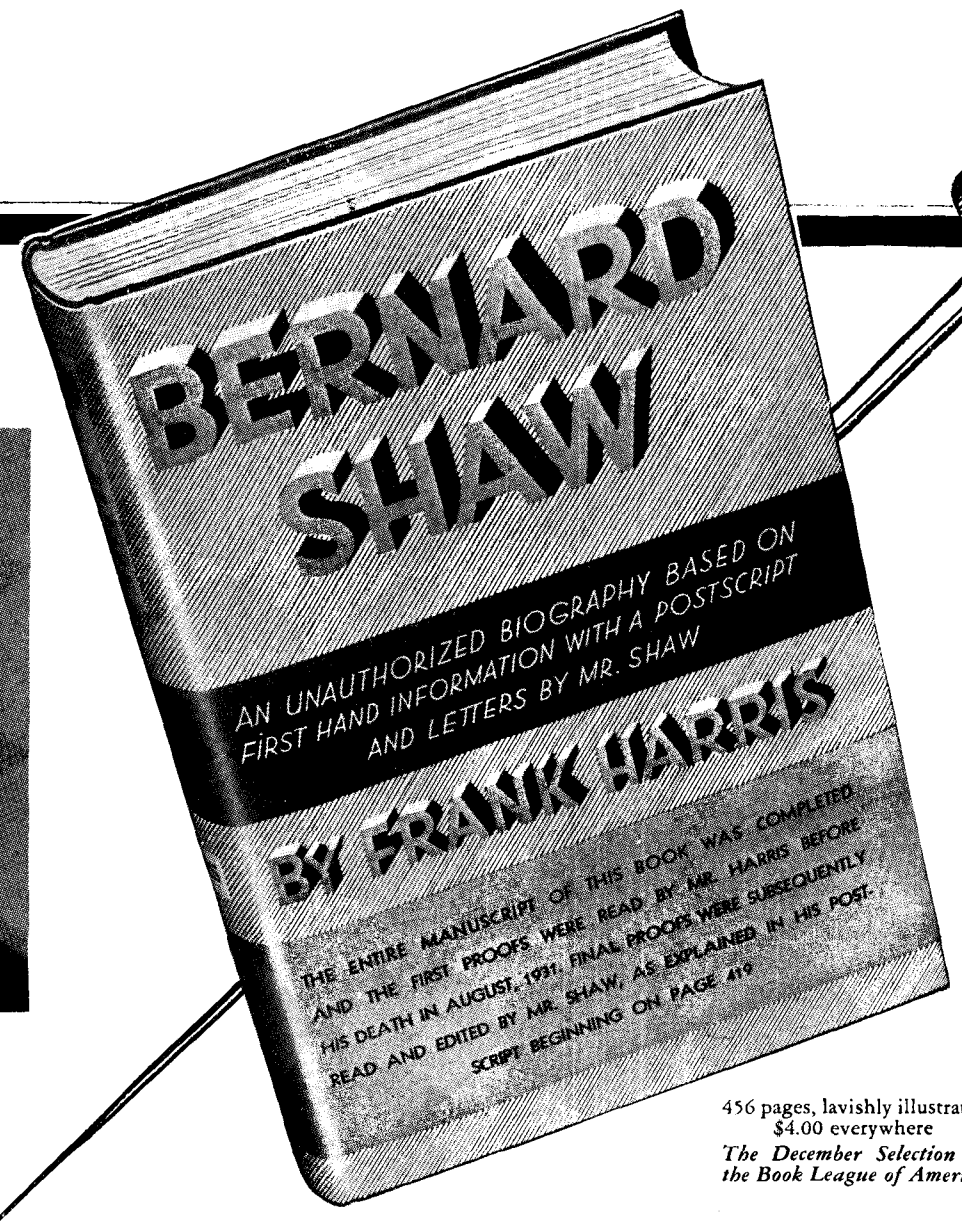


"Shaw has no enemies--and none of his friends like him."

Frank Harris
quoting Oscar Wilde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